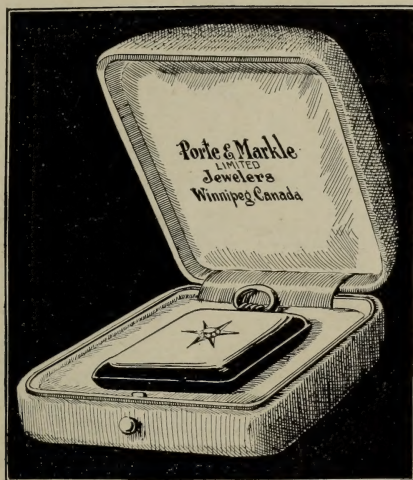


Havergal Magazine.

Winnipeg 1913-14
No. 7



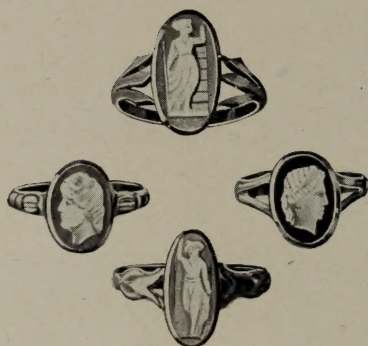
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Autumn Term begins 10th September, 1914.
Calendar may be obtained on applying to the Bursar.

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Assistant Editor.....Miss Springate
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Ruth McMartin	Stella Mozley
Christina Lyall	Marian Sweeny
Louisa Sapte	Kathleen Whitlaw
Hermione Blackwood	June Suckling
Bessie Agnew	Kate Rowley

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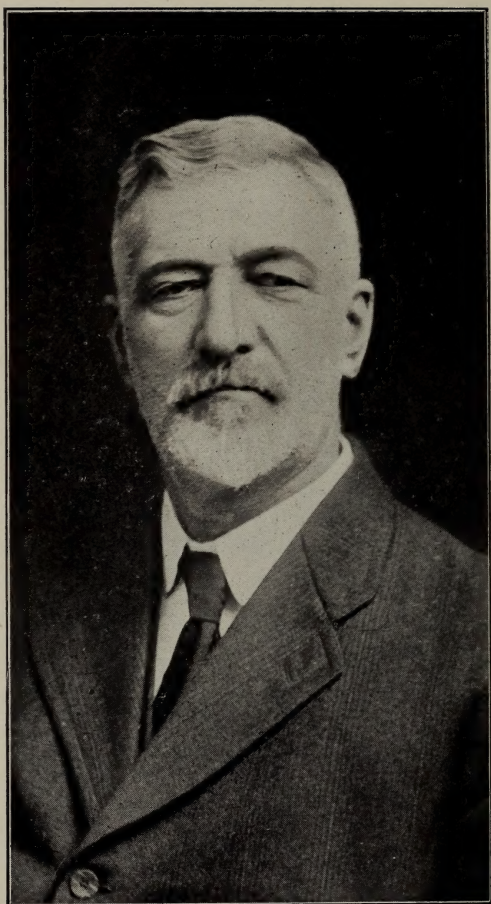
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MR. ANDREW STRANG

Havergal College Magazine

Vol. VII

MAY, 1914

No. 1

It is with deep regret this year that we have to chronicle the loss the College has sustained in the person of Mr. Andrew Strang, a Director, and the faithful friend of all our interests and endeavours since the first day of its opening. No one was more regular and unfailing at Board meetings, more kindly and interested in advice and criticism; no one gave sounder counsel on finance and policy. We hoped he would have been spared to help us for many more years, and we extend to Mrs. Strang and all his family our sorrowing sympathy in the loss which is ever present with them.



ENTRANCE HALL. HAVERGAL.

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

Havergal College, Winnipeg.

May 1st, 1914.

My dear Girls,—

Here is Magazine time round once more, and the busy days since September call again for comment and summary. How the weeks slip away! and how busy they are, busier, we feel, than in any place in this Dominion.

The preceding page makes brief mention of one who has passed from among us during the present school year and whose place at the monthly meeting of our Directors knows him no more. In every successful institution there must be co-operation of all kinds to secure that success, and I often wonder if our girls and their parents realise how much the College owes to those busy men of affairs, each with his numerous interests in the city, who find time to come regularly all the year round to listen to a monthly account of the School affairs and finances. Every one of them, and not least his Grace the Archbishop, makes a personal sacrifice of time and convenience to secure for us smooth working and for the girls of Winnipeg the educational ideal which they had in mind when the College was founded. Such public-spirited and unobtrusive work is carried on in England on the Boards of our great public schools by men of comparative leisure, retired Army and Navy officers and others who dislike to lose touch with active service for the public good. But in our new country the leisured are few and far between, and it is therefore with added gratitude that the services of our Directors should be recognized, for it is not even leisure but often working hours that they so cheerfully give to our business.

No very stirring events have shaken our little community since the last Magazine went to press, and it has been a year of small things rather than great. No further building or extension is possible on our present site, and the time is not yet ripe for removing from our central position to one of the suburbs so rapidly growing up in our city. It remains for us to develop from within—to gird ourselves for further efforts and higher standards of achievement. In the Day School we want to see the Bad Mark Book and the Returned Lesson Book vanish into a forgotten past, instead of being looked upon as sacred institutions without which Wednesday morning would not be complete. We want the weekly mark average to go up even more decidedly than it has done of late, so that the half-mark minimum becomes another relic of the past, and a 75 per cent average looks down proudly from every notice board. We want to see you as zealous and interested in Grammar and French

and Arithmetic as in basket-ball and gymnastics. We want you to set yourselves seriously to conquer that lack of thoroughness and finish which so often spoils your work. This is a defect which in some cases runs right through your record of daily performances, your thoughts, words and deeds. It is partly the result, I suppose, of the hurried, active life of our country, but we all—grown-ups and younger people—need to guard ourselves from hasty, inaccurate thinking, slovenly, careless speaking, and imperfect doing. Real scholarship calls for a high standard of accuracy, a distrust of all that is showy and superficial, an honest pride in doing one's best, and undiscouraged patience through all difficulties. And first and foremost, it calls for all your mind and all your powers, and not that little corner of it which some of you so grudgingly give to your school-room work. Self-denial and hard work are the price you must pay for the education which will make Western Canada take her place on equal terms with older lands. You never like to hear an astonished new-comer remark on the achievements of Scotch or English or German girls as compared with your own. Sometimes the comparison is scarcely fair, for many of you can do practical work which your cousins across the water are not called to do, and would be puzzled to begin. Only last term, I was impressed by the calmness and good sense of a girl summoned to travel alone from here to Buffalo to nurse her invalid mother, and was most relieved to hear how successfully she accomplished both the long weary journey and the trying duties at the end of it. But again, it is wholesome for you to realise, even if you do not like the thought, that in schools and other places where a girl's whole energy and interest is given to her education she gains a firmer grasp, a stronger judgment, and a better quality of brain and thought than can ever be won by the slack and half-hearted. You have plenty of opinions, to be sure, but they will not be worth much, now or later, unless there is a power of thought behind them which only belongs to the trained mind. All the way up the School there is a sharp line of division between the girl whose mind is obedient to the laws of reasoning so far as she has grasped them, and the girl with a flighty, disobedient mind which will not do what is required of it. You have to break your mind, and your will, too, as a horse is broken, not by violence, but by gentle, steady, daily discipline. You must wrestle with your difficulty yourself till it is no longer a difficulty: and this without hurry or fuss or repeated cries for aid. The habit of wrestling with, instead of dodging, difficulties is a really valuable one to acquire for the rest of your life. "Superficial" is a word I hear too often round the School when your work or character is being judged. That is the tendency which makes you seek short cuts in mathematics, and answers that will bring in marks instead of showing

good style and methods. Slovenly thinking is as bad as slovenly, blotted writing. Try to hold, as well as catch. Only by holding and adding to your store of carefully acquired thoughts will your mind grow strong to develop its own contribution to the general fund of thought. And this we call originality. Then, and then only, will your Literature and History and Scripture notes be something more than repetitions of notes taken in class.

This Power of Thought is worth some sacrifice, for it will guide your way through the problems of life as well as through the puzzles of the school-room. But you cannot hurry it, and the price must be paid during months and years of thoroughness and earnest work. Sit down and count the cost. It will absolutely bar society engagements on School days, and interruptions, including long telephone chats, on week-day evenings. It will not allow you to crowd unnecessary engagements into a day that is sufficiently full with School work, games or other exercise, and piano practice. It will show you that part of Saturday morning should be spent in preparation or practice, if you are not to be too late at your evening study on other nights of the week. It will convince you that visits to the dentist, oculist and dressmaker can and should be made during the holidays or on Saturdays, and should never interfere with lessons or preparation. You know that you cannot crowd your lives with so many activities without over-straining mind or body. Take your courage and common-sense in both hands and drive out from this time the "little foxes which spoil" our Winnipeg vines, and give yourself heart and soul to the work in the vineyard of your life, otherwise your crop will come far behind in quantity and quality. Examinations are not the final goal in education, and you may pull through these with marks to spare, and yet have a mind only half trained in power to think.

The Power of Thought—what will it do in the boarding-school? It will make girls reason that where there is civilization there must always be law, and that to keep laws makes for one's health. This hardly sounds inspiring, but there is much behind that single thought. With thinking power come imagination, sympathy and their heavenly sister, insight. These are great artists: make them your friends for life. They can show you how many colours lie behind what you call grey—the grey of everyday life, and they will open your eyes to gold and blue and crimson where you never would have seen them. They scorn the camera, and paint portraits for you of the girls and teachers among whom you live, with their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears and doubts looking through their eyes, as Rembrandt painted them long ago. And above all, they will not let you think about yourself, for these three fair sisters, Imagination, Sympathy and Insight, know that this means dis-

ease and death for them, and poverty for your own soul. They will teach you how to laugh at small troubles, and to help others in great ones. They will show you the beauty of gentleness, and courtesy and orderliness, and the holiness of self-sacrifice. Ruskin was sitting at their feet when he wrote of women and girls as "the guardians of order, health, beauty and love." See how high he puts order, and remember it when you are next tempted to leave clothes on the floor, and books or candy on the bed! Without Thought and her three sisters the seniors will never understand why they must loyally stand for School traditions and discipline as leaders and not unwilling or lazy followers. They will certainly never understand why practices of doubtful benefit, such as writing to girls in other boarding schools, writing to boys, reading third-rate novels, bed-room feasting and nibbling between meals, and endless conversation on clothes and entertainments, are discouraged among us. Yet these are things which every girl should reason out for herself. "Little foxes" again, and dangerous ones, which spoil your taste and habits and refinement. How can seniors lead and shape the younger set if they tacitly or openly condone these things? You must be ahead of others to lead at all. I wish we all, young and old, had a dread of being second-rate in mind and thought—at least as great a horror as most of us seem to have of wearing an old-fashioned or dowdy hat! Yet the brain under the hat is so much more important than what is outside it. You are not "educated" till you understand that.

And why should we toil in the vineyard, when to dream over the wall in the sunshine or to play with the little tame foxes for an hour or two would be so much easier? Well, it is for the Cause. Many years ago, when women were striving to secure for girls as good an education as for boys, the growing daughter of two very gifted parents was constantly stopped when thoughtless and unruly by a cry from her mother "Remember the Cause!" The Cause was the higher education of girls of which many thought them incapable; and the cry was to remind a clever, untidy girl that onlookers would judge all girls asking for education by her own behaviour. That Cause was a great one, but yours is even higher. The trained mind and hand and eye which your education is to bring you are to be used for the service of this great new Dominion of which you are so proud. That is what it all leads up to—work for yourself, work for your home, for your class and your School, for your church. All faithful, thoughtful work really helps Canada.

What are you willing to give to Canada, present and future? A little thought, a great deal of talk, a verse of "O Canada," and later on when you have left school, a little help in the

service of others when it does not interfere with your amusements? Surely something more, girls, a very great deal more: not a cheap little offering which costs you nothing, but all the riches you own.

“The riches of the commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health,
And more to her than gold or grain
The cunning hand and cultured brain.”

That is why. Do you not think it worth while? Will it not mean something to the West that in each of your homes in days to come there is a girl or woman grown who cares, and cares tremendously, that “in nothing” Canadians shall come “behind the very elect,” and for her country covets “earnestly the best gifts.”

Your own gifts to Canada, of self-denial and hard work and devotion, must begin now if you really love her. But giving is hard work, too, and some of us are not very rich—and we must turn to the Giver of every good and perfect gift to help us in this as in all else. Man’s highest thought, man’s truest words, man’s noblest deeds all centre in that Divine and human Life lived in a little, ancient province and now enthroned in highest Heaven. That Life was the greatest of God’s gifts to the Old World and to the New, and It can be shared by every one of us. Without the Christ-Life our thoughts may end in despair, our words in sound, our deeds in failure. With that Life and in that Strength we may bring to the land of our birth or our adoption the consecrated service that she needs.

Your affectionate friend,

EVA L. JONES.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this number the Havergal Magazine enters upon the seventh year of its life. During these seven years the School and the friends outside the School who read the Magazine have learned to expect a certain standard of work in its contents. But it is easier to set a high standard than to live steadily up to it; and it is particularly difficult in this case when, year by year, girls are passing out of the School, and success in games and examinations fluctuates with these changes. Contributions to the Magazine vary, too. This year, the School as a whole is younger, and we have missed the longer contributions that come quite easily from a large and elderly Upper Sixth Form. On the other hand, much promise has been shown in the work that has been sent in, and though but a portion of it has been published, we look forward to some very good results next year, when the contributors will be a whole year older and

wiser, and will have learned to have more faith in their powers.

Health.

The health of the School has been very good, and we are thankful that we have escaped the many epidemics that have visited the city.

Confirmation.

Confirmation Classes were conducted at Holy Trinity during Lent by Mr. Ribourg. The service took place on Palm Sunday, 5th April, when His Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land confirmed among other candidates, Ruth Fairbairn, Antoinette Sapte, Nellie Snowden and Jessie Wilson.

Distribution of Prizes.

The annual prize giving was held on the evening of June 19th, 1913, at which His Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land presided. In the unavoidable absence of Lady Cameron, the prizes were given away by Sir Douglas Cameron. They were awarded as follows:—

Form Prizes

Form I.	General Merit.....	Muriel Curry
	“ “	Mary Moore
	“ “	Doris Metcalfe
Form II.	General Merit.....	Thelma LeCocq
	“ “	Frances Douglas
Form Lower III.	General Proficiency.....	Kathleen MacMahon
	“ “	Jean Fisher
Form Upper III.	General Proficiency..... (1)	Gwen Detchon
	“ “	Kate Rowley
	“ Merit.....	Dolly Peatt
Form IV.	General Proficiency.....	Louise Sapte
	“ “	Vera Underwood
	Mapping.....	Jessie Wilson
Form Lower Shell	General Proficiency.....	Jean Bell
	“ Merit.....	Helen Willson
	“ “	Marian Sweeny
Form V. Special	General Merit.....	Antoinette Sapte
Form Lower V.	General Proficiency..... (1)	Margaret Speechly
	“ “	Stella Mozley
Form Upper V.	General Proficiency.....	Gertrude Steele
Matriculation I.	“ “	Dorothy Coleleugh
Form VI.	General Proficiency.....	Amy Ebbutt
Matriculation II.	“ “	Dorothy McDougall

Havergal Diplomas

Amy Ebbutt
Grace Langlois
Pearl Rosenthal
Fanny Rosner.

Special Prizes

Sports

Senior Gymnastic Cup.....	Elsie Scrimes
Presented by Mr. E. L. Drewry	
Tennis Racket.....	Margaret Smith
Presented by Miss Norrington	
Junior Gymnastic Cup.....	June Suckling
Presented by Mr. T. H. Webb	
Basket Ball Cup.....	Day Girls' Team
(Presented by the Very Rev.—Dean Coombes)	
Form Drill Cup	Shell Form
(Presented by Miss Dalton)	

Subjects.

Scripture	Helen Lethbridge
Presented by His Grace The Archbishop of Rupert's Land	
English Literature Medal	Kathlyn Hinton
Presented by Ven. Archdeacon Fortin	
Music	Helen Lethbridge
Drawing.....	Amy Ebbutt
.....Ruth Fairbairn	

Scholarships

Day School \$25.00.....	Stella Mozley
Presented by Mr. E. L. Drewry	
Boarder's Scholarship \$75.00.....	Dorothy McDougall
Presented by Mr. E. L. Drewry	
Medal for High Character.....	Kathlyn Hinton
Presented by Lady Cameron	

THE CHRONICLE.

- May 11—Decoration Day.
- May 16—Empire Pageant. Young Havergal goes "Gathering Peascods" and "Bean Setting."
- May 23—Dean Robinson speaks on the Flag.
 "Not once or twice in our fair Island's story,
 The Path of Duty was the way to glory."
- May 24—Victoria Day; whole holiday.
- May 26—Captain Amundsen lectures on the South Pole.
- June 4—Past vs. Present in basketball. Win for Past 13-12.
 "Who gave that penalty goal?"
- June 5—Gym. competition. Congratulations to Elsie Scrimes and June Suckling.
- June 6—Annual Horse Show, Havergal girls compete.
- June 10—"Old Girls" match. They win 16-12. We console ourselves with tea and cake.

- June 13—Fete for Madeleine Etenaishi. Very successful. Ice cream most remunerative.
- June 19—Prize giving, with its well-merited rewards.
- June 20—General scattering and some final partings.
- Sept. 10—School re-opens. Many new faces and many familiar smiles.
- Sept. 22—William Faversham in "Julius Caesar."
- Sept. 23—Basket-ball match against "Old Girls." "Present" win 12-7.
- Oct. 9—A welcome visit from Bishop Lucas.
- Oct. 21—Florence Carey brings basket-ball team. We were glad to see them even if we did treat them badly! 27-3.
- Oct. 29—Bishop Stringer of the Yukon, with Mrs. Fortin, with us at Morning Prayers. A deeply interesting talk on Eskimo experiences.
- Oct. 30—Visit of Mr. and Mrs. Cavalier. Mrs. Cavalier tells of the life of the women in India.
- Oct. 31—The Annual Masquerade. The sailor boy wins hearts.
- Dec. 17—First Form Christmas Tree Entertainment.
- Dec. 18—The Kindergarten Entertainment; great success. Sybil Sapte the school baby.
- Dec. 19—Hurrah for the holidays! Tidy up and off!
- Jan. 6—School re-opens. The usual tiredness following the round of gaiety in the holidays.
- Jan. 22—Archdeacon Fortin's lecture on Switzerland.
- Jan. 24—Prof. R. G. Moulton's lecture on World Literature.
- Jan. 26—Kelvin vs. Havergal. Havergal wins 11-1.
- Jan. 29—Stella Boyd's recital at the Fort Garry.
- Feb. 2—Havergal vs. St. John's. Havergal wins 29-4.
- Feb. 3-4—"Faust" and "Tannhauser."
- Feb. 5—At St. John's, Havergal vs. St. John's. Ends in our favor 31-7.
- Feb. 6—"Plain" Party. Plainly enjoyed.
- Feb. 9—Havergal vs. United Colleges. Alas! we are badly beaten—31-9.
- Feb. 13—Valentine Party, Upper III. A success as usual.
- Feb. 20—St. John's is seized with "Kleptomania." We much enjoy the seizure.
- Feb. 21—Mantell in "Merchant of Venice."
- Feb. 25—Dr. Archer tells of medical mission work in India.
- Feb. 27—"Pink" Party, Lower V. So dainty, much enjoyed.
- March 3—Gymnastic display.
- March 5—To Fort Garry to hear Arthur Friedheim.
- March 13—"Bloomer" Party by Shell. What about the Arithmetic race?

- March 20—Lower III. Ping-pong tournament. A short, sharp seizure of pingpongitis follows.
- April 3—High class Variety Entertainment by Upper V. "We all love Flossie."
- April 8—Easter holidays. Farewell to Miss Jackson, and welcome to Miss Lamond.
- April 21—School re-opens.
- April 22—Morris Dances given again by request.
- April 28—Matrics vs. Upper V. The latter win 14-5.
- May 1—Gym. girls give demonstration at St. Matthew's.
- May 5—Miss Jones takes Junior boarders to see "Rainey's Pictures."
- May 6—Mistresses vs. Boarders. Won by latter 11-0.
- May 7—Commander Evans' splendid and inspiring lecture—heroism and self-sacrifice.
- May 11—Gym. competition. Cup winners.—Marian Sweeny and Jane Suckling. Hearty congratulations!
- May 15—Matriculation Form entertains boarders at a picnic.
-

TO THE EDITOR.

O Editor, thou surely art
A creature of a stony heart!
Else could'st thou never turn thine ear
From all the groanings thou dost hear;
Or dog our foot-steps when we see
Thy Magazine and try to flee!
In vain we plead the stress of work,
We're told quite plainly that we shirk;
In vain complain of vacant mind,
Ideas and subjects thou dost find.
We have no literary bent?
Why, then, to drawing we are sent,
Or, failing that, a last resort,
Are told that riddles are our forte!
And so with matter, good or ill,
Thou striv'st the Magazine to fill.
Well, Editor, if this should strain
Thy shattered nerves, and jaded brain,
'Twill prove the saying thou dost scorn,
That writers are not made, but born!

ACKWORTH.

"Hurrah! Weekly pence to-night!" You would have heard this remark made by many of the hundred and twenty girls at The School had you been there on any third Friday during the school year. The hundred and eighty boys each received their weekly pence on the Saturday following. It was given out to us at supper time. The mistress in charge came round the four large tables and deposited three pennies beside the plate of each one of us. I think we preferred three coppers to a silver threepenny piece, they seemed to suggest more variety in the way of investment. The supply of money from which this came had been bequeathed to the school by a man much interested in its foundation; each pupil in the school was entitled to receive one penny per week. How we valued it! We all of us had some pocket money from home as well, but that in no wise made us less appreciative of the weekly pence.

We could get permission on the Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays to go across the road to Simpson's, or down the road to Walker's, the small shops where we laid out our money. You may guess on what our weekly pence chiefly went! My own personal tastes led me to invest my three pennies thus, (1) a penny iced bun, (2) a penny bar of Fry's plain chocolate, (3) half a pound of Victoria plums at twopence a pound, when in season.

Materials for sewing and letter writing could be purchased within the school. The Mistress on Duty kept an excellent variety of fancy work, paper and envelopes, even postage stamps and birthday presents in a small chest of drawers kept in one of the form rooms. Sometimes we would say, "Miss Taylor, may I buy so and so **off** you?" She would look down at us with withering scorn and say, "Can you see it **on** me? Is it on my sleeve?"

Gardens were a great feature of the school. A certain raised part of the grounds was laid out in small garden plots and the girls were allowed to rent these for half a year at a time. The rent of a garden was sixpence a half-year, and two girls usually shared one patch. Those gardens that had shades were the favorites; a shade was a square-shaped hole provided with a moveable sloping glass lid; in this miniature greenhouse we planted ferns and water moss, and each shade was usually tenanted by a pet frog, the pride of the owners. Prizes were awarded annually for the best gardens. I never got a prize, but one year my shade received honourable mention.

We went for a walk once a week, on Thursday, a grand scamper across beautiful country. This was the only time during the week that we wore hats.

Some of the rules at Ackworth were very strict: for instance,

no speaking was allowed in the dormitories after we went upstairs to bed. Anyone turning round to look at the clock in service on Sunday was severely taken to task. And no one might go upstairs during the day without leave. Quite often during meals, when we had been too noisy, we were condemned to spend the rest of the meal in entire silence. In bygone days it had been the custom for no speaking to be allowed at any meal. Certain traditions, relics of this age, reached down to my time in the shape of peculiar signs that were made instead of asking for the various things upon the table. When we were put under the silence rule we all resorted to these signs: the three middle fingers placed on the table meant, "Please pass the milk," the little finger indicated the need of salt, all five fingers water, and so on.

The diet was exceedingly wholesome and exceedingly plain. For breakfast we had milk and bread, the only possible variation was in the milk; we could have it either hot or cold. Whichever we chose we had to drink half a mugful—we had large mugs without handles—and in order to show that we really had no milk left in the bottom of the mug we had to turn it upside down on our plates. Twice a week we had porridge for breakfast. Dinner consisted of two courses, some sort of meat and vegetables and puddings or pies. Tea was like breakfast, milk and bread, but on Sundays we had a piece of cake each, and on the two half-holidays we had "extras," butter or cheese or jam and tea, coffee or cocoa. On Friday nights we were allowed to have our own jam which we brought with us from home. The extreme plainness of the fare has been done away with by now, indeed the change began at the end of my time, when the sixty eldest girls had tea and bread and butter every evening.

But in spite, or perhaps because, of the great simplicity of life, we were gloriously happy.

The school was built of grey stone round three sides of a square. The west wing was the girls', the east wing the boys', and the "centre" contained the library and other public rooms and the Headmaster's quarters. Stretching between the two wings was the boys' playground and the girls' green. On the boys' wing straight opposite to us was a large clock surmounted by a weather vane in the shape of a lamb. This clock regulated the time for the school and for the whole village. One of the jokes to have over a new child was to announce that when the clock struck twelve at midnight the lamb came down and grazed on the green. Quite true, doubtless, only the clock was one which never struck any hour at all!

A narrow strip of flagged pavement separated the boys' playground from the green. This was neutral ground and was known as The Flags, and on the Flags brothers and sisters

or cousins might walk up and down together. When a boy wanted his sister he had to stand at the top of the Flags and wait; sometimes there would be quite a little crowd standing, and the sisters would then go and join them; or it might be the sister who had to wait for her brother at the corner of the green.

Games were entered into keenly; we played cricket and tennis and croquet in the summer, and hockey and "chivey" (prisoner's base) in the winter. The playgrounds were very large, there were two of them besides the green and the ash tennis courts. The boys had their own playground and fields for cricket and football.

When I was at Ackworth we had a fine open-air swimming bath, but we were never allowed to stay long in the water, as it was usually chilly until the end of June, when we went home for the holidays. As a result the standard of swimming was a poor one. I recollect well one day in our half-hour's recess going down to the bath with the only four other girls who could swim and we all five, one by one, attempted and succeeded in swimming the width! We each received sixpence as a prize! Since then the bath has been covered in and swimming and life saving and diving have gone forward wonderfully, and I have pleasure in recording the fact that within the last three years Ackworth has been awarded the Hundred Guinea Gold Cup offered by the Royal National Life Saving Institution, in open competition over the two hundred other schools which entered for it.

A number of visitors used to come to the school during the course of the year, some of them came frequently and we got to know them and to look forward to their coming. One old man in especial we used to find most entertaining. He was tall and had a very long snow-white beard. His hobby was elocution. He used to come into all the classes and give us demonstrations and then we had to try the passages after him. Out of school hours he would sometimes suddenly appear from nowhere, armed with a huge basket of oranges or apples; when a crowd had collected he would say, "Any girl who catches can have," and then he used to throw the fruit high into the air.

Very often he recited to the whole school in the lecture room. Pieces after the style of "Peter Piper" had a fascination for him, he used to get the headmaster to time him and he always tried to beat his own record. There was one piece that began something like this, "There were two boot-blacks, a white boot-black and a black boot-black. And the white boot-black said to the black boot-black, 'Black these boots black!' And the black boot-black said 'No!' and blacked the face of the white boot-black." Another piece depicted the alarm of some ladies when a mouse ran across the floor. The old man used to have

several chairs on the platform for this piece and he played the part of each lady in turn, screaming and jumping on chairs and doing all the things that a lady is supposed to do on the approach of a mouse.

A certain dear old visitor, Hannah Cadbury, was a great favorite. She was little and plump and pink-cheeked, and she wore eye-glasses attached by a cord; she laughed constantly, and every time off would drop her glasses! We liked her to come round the classes and we liked to show her our work, because she invariably aside, "Very nice, dear; very nice," to all and sundry.

It is a far cry from Winnipeg, The Queen of the Prairie, to the quiet little Ackworth village. But if any Havergalian ever finds herself in Yorkshire and visits the school, she will be able to see for herself the same old gray stone buildings, and the splendid playing fields, and will further realise the place that Ackworth must hold in the hearts of all who know her.

G. M. S.

A BURIED TREASURE.

Among the treasures of Havergal is a calf-bound volume which looks like an office ledger, or a complete English Dictionary. Its title, "Baker's Chronicle," is not very illuminating, its cover is not attractive, and its size is most certainly against it, but anybody whose courage or curiosity is sufficient to carry them beyond dull brown leather and faded red edges, will be rewarded by much that is interesting and, indeed, by much that is entertaining within.

The book came to us three years ago — the gift of Mr. G. W. Baker, whose ancestor was the author of the Chronicle, and such has been our respect for its age and worth that it has ever since been carefully preserved among volumes of corresponding size, bulk and apparent dullness, on the bookshelves of the Staff Sitting Room. It is not a book that can be easily circulated, and it is too valuable to trust to what might possibly be careless hands, and this may account for the seclusion in which it has lived so long. At the same time it is worthy of much more attention than it now receives; hence—this article.

There are few books that we do not like the better for knowing something of the authors, and of the circumstances under which they wrote. The story of Sir Richard Baker is somewhat pathetic (though Sir Richard might resent our pity!). He was born in Kent in the days of Queen Elizabeth, probably in 1568, and in due time went up to Oxford. There he shared rooms with Sir Henry Wootton, whom we know as the author of two charming little poems included in our "Golden Treasury."

Sir Richard Baker travelled on the Continent, was knighted by King James in 1603, and became sheriff for Oxfordshire. Here his good fortune ended. When he married he generously, but foolishly, made himself responsible for some debts contracted by his wife's family. He was never able to pay them, the burden of them increased, and he became debtor to the Crown. At last in 1635 his estates were confiscated, he was penniless, and he had to seek refuge in the Fleet—the debtors' prison. There he stayed till his death in 1645, but life there was not unbearable. He turned his mind to Literature and, at the age of 67, began to write. "The storm of his estate," says Fuller, the Jacobean divine, "forced him to flye for shelter to his studies and devotions." In prison he wrote poetry, meditations on the Lord's Prayer and the Psalms, and what chiefly concerns us here, compiled his "Chronicle." How he gathered his materials, we do not know. The Chronicle is prefaced by a most formidable list of authorities—93 in all—but it is most improbable that Sir Richard had access to, or any first hand acquaintance with half of them. The book, however, wiled away the hours in prison, and he believed he was doing a great piece of work. In fact in the "Epistle to the Reader" the author states quite frankly his belief "that if all other of our Chronicles should be lost, this only would be sufficient to inform Posterity of all Passages memorable or worthy to be known." Poor Sir Richard! He little dreamed of the disparaging remarks and damaging criticisms that would pursue his valuable Chronicle later; nor could he foresee that it would at last be the subject for an article in a School Magazine.

The History was well received in his own day, and four years after his death was translated into Dutch. The narrative was carried on to 1658 by Edward Philipps, Milton's nephew, and the book passed through several editions, and was constantly brought up-to-date, till it was discarded altogether. The volume possessed by Havergal was printed and published in 1679 at "Ye Golden Ball" in Hosien Lane. From the middle of the seventeenth century to the middle of the eighteenth century Baker's Chronicle was part of the equipment of every country gentleman's library. Sir Roger de Coverley kept a copy of it in his hall window; he studied it a whole summer, and it was the source of all the knowledge he displayed when he went with the Spectator to see the tombs in Westminster Abbey. Fielding tells us that it was part of the furniture of Sir Thomas Booby's country house.

We do well to respect a book that had such worthy patrons in its life-time.

Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle differs in every respect from a modern History book. Its very size suggests the difference, and a glance at any page within accentuates it. There are two

columns on every page, with marginal notes and dates. The pages are plentifully besprinkled with capital letters; every proper name, either of a person or a place, is written in italics, and every quotation is printed in the same way. Added to this the type is set up with the old long "s," which always tempts one to read it as "f," and with the "c" and "t" linked together. There can be no doubt as to the genuine age of the book! The Publisher has inserted two curious front pages; on the left hand page is a picture of Charles II.; on the right—a frontispiece of rather elaborate design. In the centre is the full title of the book—"A Chronicle of the Kings of England, From the Time of the Romans Government unto the Death of King James, containing all Passages of State and Church, with all other observations proper for a Chronicle. Faithfully collected out of Authours Ancient and Moderne; and digested into a new method by Sr. Richard Baker Kt." The rest of the page is adorned with pictures of Charles I.—"inter Reges ut Lilium inter Flores" — (among Kings as the Lily is among flowers), and Archbishop Laud; four little pictures of the cities of Verulam, Lincoln, London and York—as they never could have been; and four more representing a Roman, a Saxon, a Dane and a Norman, none of them in the least like any soldier that ever existed.

There are many pages to be turned before the anxious reader can begin the History. There is a Preface, a Catalogue of Writers, a table showing the descent of Charles II, in a literally straight line from Egbert, a "Catalogue of the Nobility, Archbishops, Bishops, Privy Councillors, Judges and Baronets of England" (and there are 700 baronets!) and then at last the Chronicle.

Sir Richard may have been qualified by nature to write a very pleasant and readable book, but he was not a scientific historian. One of the most difficult tasks for the historian is the distinguishing of fact from fable; of discovering the substratum of truth under the masses of fiction. Sir Richard Baker appreciated this difficulty, as the opening sentences of his history show: "As the first writers were poets, so the first writings have been fictions. And nothing is delivered to Posterity of the most ancient times but very Fables. . . . And when we are once gotten out of Fables, and come to some truth, yet that truth is delivered in such slender draughts, and such broken pieces, that very small benefit can be gotten by the knowing of it." But the labour of separating fable from fact proved too great for the seventeenth century historian, and the History is a positive storehouse of amusing and improbable stories. Sometimes Sir Richard seems conscience stricken, as for example, when he has quoted a somewhat improper story, he adds—"But writers perhaps had been more compleat, if they had left this

story out of their writings." However he had not been able to resist the temptation of putting it in himself!

His account of each reign follows a very definite plan, and is divided up under a number of headings. The first section is generally devoted to a sketch of the King's doings during his reign; then follow "His taxations and wayes for raising of money," "Laws and Ordinances of his time," "Affairs of the Church in his time," "Works of Piety" [It is sometimes necessary in the case of Kings like William Rufus and John to vary this last heading, and to make it read "Works of Piety done by him or by others in his time"], "His Wives and Children," "His Personage and Conditions," "Casualties happening in his time," "His death and burial," "Men of special note in his time." It is in the last four or five sections that one must look to find a good deal that we do not learn now-a-days, and to gather Sir Richard's private opinions.

Just as one always turns in a book of poetry to the poems one knows best, or in a new commentary looks first to discover the author's views on one's own pet subjects, so in a fresh history book it is quite natural to see what the historian has to say about the Kings and great men one has always admired or detested. Here to one's delight one finds quaint or refreshing criticisms, stories that show an amazing credulity, and an unexpected mingling of the important and unimportant. But it has proved a most difficult task to make a selection of such passages, for in an essay where space is limited, extracts must necessarily be brief, and so there are many good things in the book that must be passed over. Possibly the extracts that are quoted will send readers of the Magazine to the Chronicle itself to search for more treasures for themselves.

On Alfred, Sir Richard is undoubtedly disappointing (there is no mention of the cakes; perhaps it seemed an undignified story to the Royalist historian, and he scorned to repeat the well-known legend). He seems to suspect something apocryphal in the records concerning Alfred: "The virtues of this King, if they were not incredible, they were at least admirable"; and he hardly approves of Alfred's many-sidedness: "Besides his great piety, he was also learned, and as far as it might be a commendation in a Prince, a skilful Musician and excellent Poet." Finally, the whole of that fascinating reign is dismissed in a single column. In discussing Edward the Confessor, Sir Richard shows a certain independence of judgment, and reviewing his reign is at a loss to discover his claim to saintship, "so what the virtues were, for which after his death he should be reputed a St. doth not easily appear." However, he admits that he was raised "above the pitch of ordinary Kings" by his power of curing King's Evil by his touch. The reign of William I. occupies many pages and receives a fairly just treatment

at the historian's hands. However, he seemed to think that greater than all his conquests and his laws is the fact that "from him we begin the Computation of our Kings of England." His end is recorded in a sentence which is quite beautiful: "And thus he who was Conqueror of men, was conquered himself by death, the ninth day of September." It would be unjust to Sir Richard not to quote at least one of the "Casualties" which he so carefully recorded. In John's reign a great marvel was seen. "In Suffolk was taken a fish in form like to a man, and was kept six months upon land with raw flesh and fish; and then, for that they could have no speech of it, they cast it into the sea again." Richard III. is altogether condemned and the record of his reign concludes with these words: "Of men of note for wickedness and villainy, enough hath been mentioned in the body of the story: of men of valour and learning they will fitter be placed in a better King's reign."

The History becomes more and more detailed as it draws nearer the historian's own time. One half of the whole volume is occupied with the affairs from 1558-1679. The plots and intrigues of Elizabeth's reign are given with much circumstance, and it is plain that Sir Richard admired his sovereign very much. The list of the men of note is, of course, a long one, but the order is at first surprising. Robert, Earl of Leicester, comes first: "an exquisite statesman for his own ends." Then follow other statesmen, seamen, writers, divines, the actors Richard Burbidge and Edward Allen, and at the very end the names we should have put among the first. "In writers of plays and such as had been Players themselves William Shakspeare and Benjamin Jonson have specially left their names recommended to Posterity." Verily, a prophet hath no honour in his own country. We should expect Sir Richard Baker to be Royalist in his sympathies, so we are not surprised at the very flattering estimate of the character of James I., which concludes: "He was a Prince after Plato's own heart for his Learning, and what is infinitely more worth, after God's own heart for his religiousness and Piety." We do not know what he thought of Charles for he died in 1645, and so was spared the pain of seeing the Royalist cause fail, and Charles I. die on the scaffold. But the History was continued by another hand into the reign of Charles II. Except for the fact that the whole of the Commonwealth period is counted as part of the reign of Charles II., there is little to show the sympathies of the writer. Indeed, he is extraordinarily just to Cromwell. But it must be remembered that it was Edward Philipps who carried on the story; he was the nephew of Milton, and possibly leaned towards the Puritan side. From his uncle too he must have learned to admire the great soldier and ruler, and his final verdict on his character is this: "Had he not employed that Policy and Sagacity of

Parts, which must be confessed to have been in him, to evil ends usurping his Majesties Government, he might have been worthy of eminent Place and Dignity in it."

As the extracts show, Sir Richard's style is not quite modern, but it is not so old-fashioned as to be irksome. Usually, when he is merely recording the history, he is simple and straightforward. When he adds his own comments and illustrations his style becomes more elaborate, and he writes in the manner that was fashionable in his youth, created by Lyly, and known to us as the Euphuistic style. Speaking of the children of Edward I., he says: "His greatest unfortunateness was in his greatest blessings, for of four sons which he had, three of them died in his own life time who were worthy to have outlived him: And the fourth outlived him, who was worthy never to have been born." Traces of Euphuism may be seen not only in the symmetry and antithesis of his sentences, but in some of his curious comparisons. Surely never before or since has such a simile as the following been used for William Rufus: "He was never less dejected than when in most extremity, being like a Cube, that which way soever he fell he was still upon the bottom."

The new school of historians at the end of the eighteenth century judged Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle harshly and somewhat unfairly. He certainly is "uncritical and inexact," but no man can walk by a light that does not shine in his own day. His History was as good as any other History written in the Jacobean period, and was a standard work for nearly a century. Even in the twentieth century we can read it with pleasure and with a kindly feeling towards the old historian, who in a debtor's prison compiled his entertaining record.

DER STERNE TROST.

O Sterne, die am Himmel gluh'n,
Hat Gott daroben euch gestellt
Um zu bewachen unsre Welt
Wenn Menschen ruh'n.

Ihr seid so wunderbar gelind,
Wir fuhlen, sehend eure Pracht,
Dass Mann, mit aller seinen Macht
Ist doch ein Kind.

Wenn Erde kalt und dunkel liegt,
Ich stromt hinab das schonste Licht,
Sinnbild dass Gott vergisst uns nicht
Wenn Freude fliegt.

ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND.

On a rocky plateau in a beautiful bay on the coast of Fife-shire, stands St. Andrews, "the old gray town by the sea." As we enter the little station on a bright July morning, we are amazed at the busy, happy and interesting crowd that awaits the train. Some have just arrived from their morning game of golf and display the weapons with which they chase "the little ba'," for the golf links of St. Andrews are perhaps the greatest attraction to visitors and are of world-wide renown.

The minute we step out of the station, we catch our first glimpse of the many delightful pictures that St. Andrews affords—the wide azure-coloured bay with its foaming sea-horses, beating against the rugged cliffs, and away towards the west the undulating links.

There is little doubt that there was a settlement here in early prehistoric times. The Monkish legend assigned its ecclesiastical origin to St. Regulus or Rule, who, warned in a dream, brought certain bones of St. Andrew from Patras in the 4th century, and was wrecked at Muckros, afterwards called Kilrimont and now St. Andrews. In Queen Margaret's time it became the seat of the high bishop of the Scots.

The cathedral, now only a ruin, was founded about 1160, in presence of Malcolm IV., and consecrated in 1318 in presence of Robert Bruce. At the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign it was stripped of its beautiful ornaments and images.

The castle old and ivy-decked with only a rim of crumbling walls, was built in 1200 and since then has been rebuilt many times, but now a mere skeleton stands as a monument of its past greatness. George Wishart and other martyrs of the Reformation period were confined in its "bottle-dungeon" and Cardinal Beaton, a little later was slain within its massive walls, by the Reformers.

St. Andrews has been famous since 1120 for its schools, and its University was founded in 1411. From October till May the scarlet-gowned student may be seen walking to or from his classes, or meandering over the links and sands from which in the twilight he can see the mists coming o'er the college towers.

The old harbour too is picturesque and, tho' small, suffices for the few coasting vessels that frequent it.

It is no wonder then that the student who has "gone down" visits and revisits his Alma Mater and lingers o'er the scenes that once inspired his soul to great things.

"The waves roar 'neath thy battlements
Breaking in glistening spray,
As if they mocked thy shattered walls,
Relies of a bye-gone day.

Prisoners within thy dungeon dark,
Have heard the billows moan,
Have heard their ripple on thy crags,
When they lay doomed and lone.

In days gone by, these crumbling walls,
Have seen the woeful sight
Of heroes on the burning pile,
For religion and the right.

And from one fatal window—
A ghastly sight—were hung
The last remains of one who mocked
The dying heroes' song.

Scenes such as these thou sees't no more,
But we look back with pride
Upon those noble, fearless souls
Who for the Right have died.

Their deeds will live, when all things else
Have faded—when no more
The dim grey crags by moonlight cast
Weird shadows on the shore."

THE GIRL OF 1814.

If we could take a look back into the life of a girl of a century ago, would it differ greatly from the average life of a girl to-day? Yes, perhaps in dress, in little habits and in speech, but not in the girl herself. A girl is essentially a girl wherever or whenever you may find her. The same little tendencies always exist—fussing over dress, longing for amusement, the keen enjoyment of every possible pleasure, the love of reading. Would we rather have lived in the previous century than in our own? Let us glance for a moment at the charms and drawbacks of both before we decide. We shall unseal the book of time and turn back one hundred pages until we find ourselves living in 1814.

Simplicity was the charm of a girl's life in 1814, from her straight high waisted frock and coal scuttle bonnet to her manner of living. A girl was only to grace a drawing-room and keep a home, and her education was given accordingly. She received her education principally from her father or mother. She was taught to sew, to embroider, to bake, to arrange flowers and to care for them in the garden. She also had to be able to keep accounts, for her house must be systematically kept. Every part of her education was directed towards what would be useful to her in her future life. She was taught French and how to read the best books and understand them.

As soon as her education was completed she took her place

in the home, to share in the managing of the house and to enjoy the continual round of gaieties. The girls of those days were very easily entertained. They did not have a wide sphere of pleasures. Shopping and gardening occupied their mornings; reading, embroidering, paying and receiving calls their afternoons, and music and occasional balls and card parties their evenings. These pleasures never grew monotonous. The simplicity and ease that accompanied any entertainment was delightful.

Sports occupied no place in a girl's life. They were left to the boys. It was considered most unladylike for a girl to take any physical exercise. To walk three miles was considered a terrible exhibition—to disgrace herself in such a manner was an unpardonable offence. A girl must be beautiful and her appearance always neat. What was a girl for but to be pleasing to the eye and a pleasant creature to talk to? She certainly could not take any exercise and remain so. She must be a good talker but not have too much to say, for her elders must have first place in the field. She must be able to play well, enough to be entertaining in case she should be asked to play. Her manners were always quiet and demure; any sign of emotion was most unladylike.

She was never allowed much liberty. She was always accompanied by a chaperone, her mother, her aunt, an old friend or a suitable gentleman. She could not shop, drive out or even take a walk alone, and most necessary of all was a chaperone at a ball, the theatre or any entertainment. Her imagination was by no means suppressed, the books of horror of the day supplied plenty of food for thought. Her life was quiet and almost uneventful, and these books, filled with unknown wonder and horror, filled up the vacancies. They were pored over with the keenest delight and read and re-read. Every girl had her fate carefully planned, full of heroic adventures and heroes, but it always led along one of two roads—she either married and spent her life in caring for her home, or remained at home all her life, politely termed “the unmarried daughter.”

KATHLEEN ARDAGH,

Form Lower VI.

THE GIRL OF 1914.

If it were possible for one of Jane Austen's girls of 1814 to come to life, she would be not a little surprised, and perhaps also a trifle shocked, at her sister of a century later. Certainly, at the first glance, she would recognize few pleasures or duties in common; and as for sports! Her delicate sensibilities would be wounded beyond recovery at the mere idea of a girl indulging in games as heartily as any boy. To the girl of 1814 freedom of any description was unknown, whereas now girls are

allowed to mingle with their elders, and as a result, early form their opinions upon all subjects, and are quite ready to give their views whenever opportunity offers, and defend them against all opposition. The 1914 girl realizes that the twentieth century is essentially the "Woman's era" and behaves accordingly. She enters into all conversations, and there are few remaining representatives of the "girls should be seen and not heard" type. That kind of a girl is "so old fashioned."

Yet in spite of her new acquirements the girl of 1914 is still very much a girl, and on the whole a very good sort of girl, too.

Our girl takes a lively interest in sports, her studies and social pleasures. She can play golf and tennis and basket-ball, ride her wheel and often drive a car quite as well as her stronger brother. Her sisters in France can even fly their aeroplanes. What a shock to the sensitive nerves of the 1814 lass!

She goes through college and gets her degree, and afterwards often makes use of it to gain her own livelihood, occasionally entering one of the "learned professions" and succeeding quite as well as any man.

Perhaps in her pleasures more than anything else one sees her relationship to the girl of one hundred years ago. She enjoys dancing quite as much as did her sister, although now she dances the Two-step and Hesitation instead of the stately Minuet. Teas, the theatre, luncheons and her own special little club, play quite as important a part in her life now as then. In her love of pretty things and the amount of "titivating" her toilet requires, we find little difference. "Girls will be girls" and as such the adornment of their person is, for some years, of great importance to them.

In some ways we find our 1914 girl somewhat behind the 1814 one. She has not, in general, the same knowledge of house-keeping, and often her chief accomplishments in the culinary line are Divinity Fudge and similar delicious confections.

Her favourite authors too, are not, as a rule, those whose works were best loved by the 1814 girl. The latest and most popular novel is always read by the girl of a century later. She often has many good friends upon her bookshelves, however, and ones that the 1814 girl would recognize with pleasure; while for music and pictures she has decided likings also.

An 1814 girl must marry or remain at home. Our 1914 girl can enter almost any profession she chooses and is quite independent.

We read a great deal of the modesty, sensibility and charm of the girl of 1814, but it seems to me that the 1914 girl, for all her slangy and tomboyish ways, is just as attractive and accomplished a girl as one would care to know.

HELEN LETHBRIDGE, Upper VI.



ON A REPLICA OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

O ladies dear of long ago,
With eyes and hands devoutly bent
Upon your pious task intent—
Your chronicle of war and woe—

Ah, surely now and then the thread
And needle paused o'er blue and brown,
While something brighter glimmer'd down,
A tribute to the valiant dead.

And page and minstrel hushed awhile
Of Senlac fight the chorus rude,
And Norman Odo silent view'd
The broideries for his minster pile.

Though twice four hundred years have roll'd
Since all your gentle work was done,
Your daughters of the Western sun
Greet you, and those your love made bold.

Afar, in climes you never trod,
Down the dim annals of our race,
A record in our hearts we trace
Of those who fell for home and God.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

In the public libraries of Bayeux, that somewhat decayed city of ancient Normandy, there is to be found very carefully preserved the famous Bayeux Tapestry. This wonderful piece of embroidery was formerly thought to have been executed by Queen Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, or by the Empress Matilda, daughter of Henry I., but the latest theory is that it was done by the Nuns of the Cathedral under the orders

of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. In all probability it was used to decorate the nave of the Cathedral and because of the great quantities of similar work accomplished at that period, it was considered of no special value. For years it hung unheeded and unnoticed while great events were taking place. It saw Normandy become part of the Angevin Empire, then slip away from John's careless hands and finally become part of the realm of France. Great changes took place; the tapestry still hung on the wall and gradually all work of its kind died out. All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries tapestry was considered a lost art, except in the Royal factories, till finally this great specimen was discovered and placed in the public libraries in Bayeux as a very valuable possession. There it may be seen to-day, its once brilliant colors now faded by the suns of time to a more subdued and delicate hue.

This marvellous piece of needlework is on a band of linen two hundred and thirty feet long, but only twenty inches wide, and is divided up into seventy-two scenes, each supposed to illustrate some historical event in the conquest of England by William of Normandy. The drawing is rough and unfinished, with absolutely no pretence at perspective, but it is all the more quaint and interesting. Such an idea as giving people two whole legs if only one would do was unthought of, so we get a crowd of people amongst whom there are scarcely enough legs or arms for each head. The hind legs of a horse or any parts which are not so prominent are always worked in a lighter color—perspective being hinted at in this way. In the border there are numerous objects such as trees, weird looking animals and birds, and human beings or portions of them which look like heraldic signs. In the battle scenes the border is decorated with numerous arms and legs flying about; and some poor heroes may be seen walking about without heads. Corresponding to a hunting scene there are birds, strange creatures whose species is doubtful, and to a sea voyage even stranger fish may be found. The story can easily be followed from the tapestry but the pious women thought to make it clearer by little explanatory sentences in Dog Latin.

The first scene on the tapestry represents Harold taking leave of Edward the Confessor, and his subsequent departure for Bosham with many faithful attendants. He then takes ship at the Sussex coast, very prudently removing his hose before embarking because he must needs walk a few steps through the water first. On landing, however (hose once again removed), he is taken prisoner by Guy, Earl of Ponthieu, and is sent to Beauraine, but William begs for his release. Then follows the mighty battle in which Harold helps William against the Earl of Bretagne, his oath never to interfere with William's succession to the Confessor's throne and his final departure for

England. He then tells his adventures to Edward, whose death and funeral follow immediately after (it may be noticed that the funeral comes first). Amidst great rejoicings Harold ascends the throne. Then the news reaches William and he begins immediate preparations for war. The Normans set sail at once for England, and here we see a mariner walking lightly upon the waves bearing a huge anchor, which he fastens to a slender tree. They march to Hastings, and encamp there; then the great battle follows, Harold is killed and the English flee.

Quite a number of buildings are included in the tapestry, such as Edward's palace, William's castle and Westminster Abbey itself. They are all perfectly flat, as a small child draws houses, but there are signs of Norman architecture in the rounded arches and heavy pillars.

Much can be gleaned from the study of the work concerning the military and civil dress of the times. The costume of the ordinary man appears to be composed of a short smock caught in at the waist by a cord and a long sweeping cape fastened to the shoulders. A soldier wears a coat of mail made of heavy chain, and bears on his head a very fine helmet. He carries the usual banner and shield. The manners and customs of these people seem to be very natural and true to life, and the whole production speaks of vigour and spirit. The expressions of the different faces seem animated and full of life. For instance, William's feelings on receiving the news of what is taking place in England are quite apparent from the sulky, disagreeable expression he bears.

The old tapestry remains a monument to the patience and industry of those ladies of the eleventh century and to the grim realities by which a mighty Empire is built up.

EMBREE McBRIDE.

Form Lower VI.

A SUMMER EXPERIENCE.

It was a lonely little bay on the mainland, not often visited because there was nothing out of the ordinary to attract most people. One side was high and rocky and covered in places with masses of moss and ferns, the other was low and marshy, the shore fringed with tall grass and reeds. The end of the bay was filled with lily pads and tall grass with a background of evergreens and poplar.

Deer had been seen in the bay, though not often, but we were determined to see one, at least, before the end of the summer. Every evening about sunset we paddled quietly into the bay and hid the canoe and ourselves, as well as possible, among the tall grass at one side of the bay. Generally the watching and waiting were in vain, and often we were driven home by sand flies and mosquitoes. But if no deer appeared

there was always something to watch. Sometimes a big brown owl would sail noiselessly by in search of his evening meal, or a squirrel begin to scold us from the trees overhead. The stillness was broken occasionally by the splash of a fish leaping out of the water, or by the notes of the thrush and the whitethroat sparrow.

One evening, some small animal started to swim across the bay and we set off in pursuit to see what it was. Just as we got near, it dived, but soon reappeared some yards away. We started after it again, but happening to look towards the back of the bay I saw on the shore a small deer quietly feeding on the grass and lily pads. Letting the canoe drift, we sat perfectly still while it fed, now and then lifting its dainty head to gaze uneasily in our direction. It was a light reddish brown in colour, with large soft ears, no horns, and pretty, delicately shaped legs and body. For ten or fifteen minutes it stayed in view and then quietly disappeared into the woods. Our long waiting had been rewarded.

PHYLLIS ROSS,
Form Lower VI.

WINTER.

Spirit of Winter, glorying in thy power,
From bitter North, where none dispute thy reign,
Thou comest down, and following in thy train
Are elements which make the strongest cower;
And few there be who may escape thy lour.
Long months thou guard'st well the key we fain
Would have unlock earth's streams, and for them claim
Their vanished life for yet another hour.
And yet, O Winter, thou are not always cruel—
Thou too hast days, when far afield we wander
Charmed by the beauty thou dost so freely squander.
Thou too, like man, canst claim a nature dual,
At once relentless, stern and seeming hard
And yet of summer's gifts the faithful guard.

H. L.

LES PRECIEUSES.

In studying the rise of the drama, we turn to France, and France of the seventeenth century, for the supreme examples of comedy. When we find that the greatest master of this most delicate art, Moliere, has twice over selected a passing phase of the manners of his time as a fitting subject for his genius, we do well to pause and ask ourselves what this phase signified.

In France, in the early and middle seventeenth century, there was a tendency to lower the standard of conversation

and literary taste. To prevent this degeneration of their language, certain learned ladies of the Court formed a society, whose chief aim was to preserve the niceties and refinements of the French tongue. They were polished and extremely witty, and succeeded in refining both literature and manners. They met regularly at the house of the Marquise de Rambouillet and discussed literature and most of the leading questions of the day.

It was their custom to receive in their boudoirs, in little "alcoves" surrounded by a "ruelle" or a railing, but naturally the manners of the ruelles and the alcoves were very artificial. The real *Precieuses* were soon imitated by a number of ladies of the bourgeoisie, and the false *Precieuses* arose. However, the real *Precieuses* were partly successful in their aim, and they certainly helped to raise the standard of French manners and French speech. But naturally, when these provincial fine ladies, less intellectual and often highly ridiculous, drew attention to themselves, the good work of the real *Precieuses* was soon overshadowed by the affectation and stupidity of the false ones.

Already literature was being infected with the style of the *Precieuses*, and we see in the greatest authors, such as Corneille, and even in Moliere himself, traces of their influence.

Moliere, realizing the humour and absurdity of it all, and that the influence of the *Precieuses* was unfavourable to a healthy development of French literature, rendered his country a great service when at one blow he absolutely killed the progress of the movement in his famous play, "*Les Precieuses Ridicules*." In this play he has unmercifully pilloried all the *Precieuses* of the seventeenth century. He no doubt did not intend to satirize the Hotel de Rambouillet and its society, but the affectation and bad taste of the false *Precieuses*, the ridiculous imitators of the real ones.

We have, too, in this play, Moliere's views on the education of women — his ideal woman was, like all other ideal women, capable of looking after her home and her children, of speaking correctly and with elegance, and with a fair appreciation of literature. But, the study of philosophy, poetic composition and the inauguration of learned societies did not enter into his view of woman's realm.

Moliere, I think, is not wholly justified in these views. Why, if a woman is capable of writing, of learning philosophy, of opening large schools and societies, should she not do so, provided her home is not neglected? The history of education in the last hundred years shows us how much can be safely undertaken by women. Why, then, should a woman tie herself down to her home alone, when she is capable of doing something big, which not only helps herself and her family, but goes to help the whole nation?

But, whatever may be our judgment of his views on woman's education, we owe Moliere a deep debt of gratitude for the character studies in his two plays on the subject, *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, 1659, and *Les Femmes Savantes*, 1672. Of the two, *Les Femmes Savantes* is by far the riper, richer production, and he seems at the end of his career to have wished to produce a work of rare artistic merit. Not only is the play wonderful as a comedy, but the style is admirable.

By "*Les Precieuses*" Moliere had succeeded in banishing from the "ruelles" and the "alcoves" the ridiculous affectation of the false *Precieuses*. In "*Les Femmes Savantes*" he attacked the pedantry of women, and showed the evil effects of the pedantic spirit in the family. Instead of attending to her household duties, Philaminte thinks only of letters and science, and chases from her house her servant Martine for not speaking *vaugelas*. She is imperious as well as pedantic, and rules over her family with an iron hand. Chrysale, her husband, is a rich bourgeois, a man of good sense, but weak. In his wife's absence he speaks boldly and says that his will "must" be law; but as soon as she appears he dare not oppose her, and yields meekly to her wishes. Philaminte's daughter, Armande, is not only pedantic like her mother, but she is selfish and jealous. She has rejected Clitandre's suit, because marriage is not sufficiently ethereal; and when Clitandre courts Henriette, her sister, she endeavours to prevent their marriage by favouring Trissatin, another suitor of Henriette's. The latter is the most graceful creation of Moliere's; she does not know Greek, but is a charming young girl, gentle, modest and sensible. She seems to personify Moliere's idea of the perfect woman, and is in every respect an admirable character. Her lover Clitandre is a man of honour and good judgment, and it is he who expresses the author's opinion about the education of women.

Belise, Philaminte's sister, is the most ridiculous of the three "*femmes savantes*." She believes that all men are in love with her, and carries this idea to such an extreme that her folly is not credible.

Ariste, the reasonable man, is not the one that speaks the most sensibly, it is Clitandre, whom we admire above all. Ariste, however, is necessary to the plot, as it is he who exposes Trissatin's mercenary motives, and makes Philaminte consent to Henriette's marriage to Clitandre, a conclusion which Chrysale "orders."

To Moliere alone is due the praise for having stamped out from French society and French literature the affectation and bad taste which were so prevalent during the seventeenth century. But in rooting up the bad, he left unharmed the good that had been accomplished by the ladies of the Hotel de Rambouillet—*Les Precieuses*.

DOROTHY McDOUGALL. Form Upper VI.

BABY'S GARDEN.

Baby's eyes build a wonderful garden,
Wherein she may walk with her pink chubby feet—
Fairy spot, bright as the Forest of Arden,
And touched with the breath of the Jessamine sweet;
Pathways that wind where a child loves to wander,
Rose walks that bend to the little one's quest,
Then to the gate and the loving hearts yonder,
And back to the nursery, mother, and rest.

MARGARET HARRISON,
Form Lower V.

A BRITISH COLUMBIA SAW-MILL.

"Hullo Harry! harness up Flossie, for Jack says we need more provisions, and I'll ride along to town with you," called my chum Frank.

Our little party of five considered a British Columbia forest the best place for a holiday, and so not two days previous we had pitched our camp near a beautiful little fall, there to spend the summer.

I was on the alert and ready to explore the neighborhood



and especially to have a look at the town, so it was not long before Frank and myself were off on our way through the forest. Tall trees of spruce, fir, cedar, pine and tamarac arched over our heads, while every now and then the bend in the road brought us in full view of the river valley below. We had not travelled far when we met a party of lumberjacks, chopping

down the massive trunks of trees and stripping them of their branches. Two of the party were preparing to leave for the town; we offered them a lift (which they readily accepted) and drove on again.

"However do they get those logs to the river," enquired my chum of one of the lumberjacks.

"The horses haul the logs to the bank, and as soon as we pass this bit of the wood, I shall be able to show you the next stage of their journey," he answered.

We had not gone far when we came to a place where the road passed for quite a distance along the river bank. I stopped the horse as our guide desired. Far below like a silver thread flowed the Bull, rushing on to join the Kootenay, and as we gazed, something like a splash attracted our eyes. The timberman bade us look closely, and we could see extending down the side of the slope what he termed a flume, composed of well greased boards down which log after log slipped at lightning speed, to end with a grand splash into the river.

"The swift current of the Bull carries the logs to the Kootenay, where, protected by booms, most of them reach the mill in safety," our companion informed us.

Frank and I determined then and there to see the end of those logs, so we drove Flossie along at a fast pace in order to reach the Town and have time to go through the mill.

On arriving at the Town we purchased our provisions, after which we wandered along the bank of the Kootenay till we came to the mill. There, according to previous arrangement, our friend the lumberjack met us prepared to lead us through the mill. He showed us how the logs were taken from the river, by means of a great chain and hooks, to the sawing floor. At the time we were there a gigantic pine log was being hoisted up the incline, so we thought we would follow it through its various and exciting adventures.

Situated near the chain stood the man who controlled the chain, niggers and spikes, by pulling different levers. As the log neared the log dock, large spikes called niggers bobbed up, gripped the log, pulling it on to the dock, from which darted great iron teeth, preventing the log from moving farther. The log was then rolled upon a shifting platform, the sawyer judged the width of the strips which were to be cut, and soon our friend the "Log" was no more!

"These strips pass on to moving wheels and chains; the barky pieces," the lumberjack informed us, "go straight on, are cut in two and used for fire wood. The good pieces are rolled to another saw," which we passed on to see, still following a piece of our old log. "This saw smooths them," continued our guide. The strip continued its journey to be evened. A man situated in a box above, controls with one pull of his lever

the little saws which bob up as the strip passes. Thus all the pieces are the same length.

"The strip passes on to a part of the mill where men catch them with their peevies, putting pine with pine, and cedar with cedar. They are hauled off by horses and piled in large squares to season in the sun, and that is the end of them before they are made into furniture, laths, etc," ended the lumberman.

It was very interesting I thought, and every time I visit the town I generally take a walk to the mill.

E. TODD,
Form Upper V.

WHICH ARE YOU?

In a class of music pupils,
One finds girls of every type.
As in all the other branches
There are never two alike.

There's the girl who'll never practise,
Seems to think there is no need!
Murders time and tune and fingering,
Makes her teacher's heart to bleed.

Then the girl who's conscientious,
Doesn't tremble and look cowed;
For she's sure of what she's doing,
She has worked, and counts out loud.

But the dearest girl to teach is—
("One with talent," you will cry).
No! the one who's simply willing
And makes up her mind to try.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

One of the most interesting points in the West is the Cave of the Winds, which is found not far from Manitou, Colorado. Leaving Manitou, one goes on a long, winding road of reddish colored sand stone, through the narrow ledges of William's Canon and up a mountain trail till an insignificant little curio store and waiting room is reached, and a guide is ready to take the different parties through the cave.

This case was discovered almost two hundred years ago by two boys of ten and twelve. They were playing near this part of the mountain when they suddenly discovered an opening in the rock. A winding passage was found to be there, and when authorities were told of this matter, it was thoroughly searched and found to be a very interesting cave. The boys received about one thousand dollars for their claims in it. Later, more rooms were discovered and since then more wonderful stalactites and stalagmites have been forming in the cave.

The opening which these boys found was in such a direction as to receive the full gusts of wind, and the wind roared through the cave, filling it with queer noises and echoes. This was how the cave received its name, but that opening is now closed and a new opening has been made.

The cave is formed into numerous rooms. One is a reception room where all of the visitors leave their cards. Another is the Old Maids' Kitchen, and every spinster leaves a hairpin there. But of all the different divisions (there are at least a dozen) the Bridal Chamber seems the most delicate. Huge stalactites and stalagmites, formed so daintily that almost a touch breaks them, look like trees covered with hoar-frost. A small stalactite takes at least one hundred years to form, so the cave must have been in existence thousands of years ago.

At first, torches were used to light the cave, but now a complete electric lighting system has been installed, and the lights are so arranged as to show the wonderful formations to the very best advantage.

All through the cave there are strange and beautiful sights, but to tell of all of them would take too long—it is better to see them.

RUTH WATSON,
Upper V. Form.

A HORSE RACE.

With open nostrils, short-cropped manes,
And heads held high with stately grace,
A moment's pause, with tight-held reins,
A lowered flag—and then the race.

All forward dash with quickening stride,
Each one attempts the rest to lead,
Their strength is shown, endurance tried,
Till one, the victor, does succeed.

RUTH WATSON,
Form Upper V.

HOLY TRINITY.

Amid the busy thoroughfares of Winnipeg stands one of the city's oldest churches, stately yet simple in its gothic architecture. Of plain grey stone, it points its turret heavenwards, a symbol of Christianity. Virginia creeper clings to its walls, covering them with soft green in summer and with ruddy sunset tints in autumn, and all through the year with an air of romance. Their cold bare stems and twining tendrils in winter lend to it a dead solemnity and lonely appearance. There it stands, a monument of the past, calm and beautiful, a vivid contrast to the modern steel-constructed buildings on all sides.



Robins and other birds twitter and sing in the branches of tall trees in the churchyard, or boldly hop on the walks, secure here from any molestation. It is indeed a world within a world.

Up in the old wooden turret hangs a bell, which has pealed many Christmas greetings, happy Easter tidings and sad weird music to the bustling, busy, unheeding city.

One enters the church through massive oaken doors with quaint carving and huge iron knockers and handles. Inside a

more modern air prevails, but not jarringly so. The high-backed pews are relics of other days, as are the great oak beams supporting the ceiling, each holding in the middle a golden cherub, which looks gently down on the worshippers. Six beautiful stained glass windows let in the light on each side. The old high choir stalls, with overhanging canopies, suggest those of an old world cathedral. The communion table is of oak, as is also the prayer desk. A handsome brass lectern holds a large Bible, a gift of one of the members. These all join together to create that air of mingled dignity and devotion that so pervades the whole church. And last, but not least, over all hangs the "Meteor Flag of England" and the Cross of St. George, the emblems of our Empire, whose ruler is Defender of the Faith.

For forty years this House of God has been blessed by the wise care of Archdeacon Fortin. Long may he be spared to guide its destinies!

RUTH FAIRBAIRN, Form Upper V.

AND IT WAS NOT HAVERGAL.

I once, only once, was a hard working girl
At a perfectly beautiful school;
'Twas different from any that I'd ever seen,
Why, there was no such thing as a rule.

If you didn't feel like it you didn't attend,
And you never went there before noon;
If by chance you got there at 11.45
You got bad marks for coming too soon.

In school we would scarcely have opened our books
When dear teacher would frequently say,
"I'm really afraid you are tiring yourselves,
That will be quite enough for to-day."

The girls who did home-work were promptly expelled,
A sight of course not often seen;
The prizes were given to those who did least,
And the contest was frightfully keen.

There were prizes for talking the most in the class,
And prizes for staying away;
For forgetting your books, getting ink on your hands,
Or otherwise getting too gay.

I had just carried off every prize in the school,
And life seemed to me quite a joke,
When sad to relate, came a rap on my door,
And alack and alas, I AWOKE.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

This picture has four important people in it. The man, Joseph, has long white hair, a short nose, and a very broad face; his appearance is noble and kind. He is of the Anglo-Saxon type, and not Jewish as the real Joseph was. He is sitting with his arms crossed and his head slightly bent, thinking of the work God had planned for him to do. His robe is dark red. The woman, Mary, who is half kneeling, is dressed in pink and blue. She is a slender English type of girl, graceful and sweet, with a kind and motherly expression. The two little boys, one representing Christ and the other John the Baptist, have the round limbs of babyhood. Our Lord is leaning by His Mother's side; and John the Baptist is standing by himself looking at Him. A cloak is girt round him by a belt of camel's hair, and in his hands he is holding a staff with a scroll twisted round it, on which these words are written: "Ecce Agnus Dei"—"Behold the Lamb of God." That tells us the difference between the two children. John does not lift his eyes to Christ, but looks down in a shy way; while Christ looks boldly forward at him. He seems to say, "You are he who shall go before me to prepare the way."

The dark brown colour of the trees, the grey stone wall and the green grass form a contrast with the blue sky; and in the far distance is a grey-blue mountain, and a small pool of water shimmers through the trees. The way in which the colours blend together is very beautiful, and the whole makes a charming picture to possess and to look at every hour of the day.

C. MORTLOCK,
Lower V. Form.

THE DOUKHOBOR PILGRIMAGE.

About seven years ago the Doukhobors in Canada, led by Peter Veregin, went on a march to look for Christ. They gave up all their clothes and food, their cattle and crops to God.

They followed the Canadian Pacific Railway track in their line of march, and as at the time we were living only half a mile from the railroad, they made our house one of their stopping places. It was five o'clock in the evening when we saw a company of five hundred coming towards the house. The leader was dressed to represent Christ, and several others to represent the Apostles and the Virgin Mary. They refused to eat any animal food and were living on the buds of the trees. They tried to make every one give up their property to God, and they wanted to convince us that we had too much of every-

thing. They would eat dry bread but no butter, and they tried to make our maid understand that they did not want any butter on the bread that she was kind enough to get for them, by catching hold of her arms. But she was so frightened at the crowd that had come into the house that she fled and left them. They finally went out of the house soon after seven o'clock, but they did not go far—they lay down for the night in the fields around. All night they lay and chanted hymns to most mournful melodies.

In the morning they moved on to the next town. On account of their scanty food and clothing, many of them were out of their minds, and these were tied to poles carried by two of the stronger men. They were such a crowd that, on arriving at a small town, they easily frightened the people, and as they said they received messages from Heaven to burn different towns the people readily consented to give them anything to save their homes.

The following day many passed by our house who had deserted the company, and were wending their way homewards. About a week later we heard that the police had captured them and put them on the train by force and had sent them back to their homes.

GLADYS KENSINGTON,
Lower Form V.

FORE-THOUGHTS.

I shall be glad when I start to school,
To learn how to read, to write and to spell;
I mean to keep to every rule,
And always arrive on the stroke of the bell.

Not one bad mark will I get through the year,
And returned lessons I will have none;
To my teacher's voice I will listen, and hear
The word of praise for good work done.

MARGARET BANFIELD,
Shell Form.

SAILING.

The most exciting sport in summer, to my mind, is sailing. It seems to give more pleasure than anything else, especially when the waves are high.

At our summer home in St. Lambert, about seven of us used to go for a sail up the St. Lawrence River every Saturday afternoon. We had a particular spot on the beach where we

always went for our picnics. The French farmers thought we were gipsies, and as soon as they caught sight of us used to lock their doors. I can quite understand their taking us for gipsies from the manner in which we prepared our supper and gathered around the camp fire. We very seldom went below the Victoria Bridge because the current is so swift there; and in another part of the river, too, we had to be very careful as there are three huge rocks, known as the Three Sisters. We looked upon them as enemies and tried to keep out of their way, for if we had happened to land on one we should have been utterly helpless. We did go below the bridge one day, and came to a place where it was pretty deep. Suddenly the boat began to spin round and round. I was holding the jib, and had all I could do to change the ropes quickly enough. We were just learning to sail the boat by ourselves, and my uncle had only just time to jump up and grab the tiller and the mainsail, and prevent her from capsizing. We were all rather frightened, for we were very nearly in the water.

The beauty of a sail-boat is that it will hold so many people; we have had as many as ten in ours. We are going to St. Lambert again this summer, and hope to spend many more such Saturdays.

MARION ROSEVEAR,
Shell Form.

THE PLAINT OF THE DESK.

Wash me not because thou must
Eyeing me with sore disgust!
And smearing o'er my faithful face
A scratchy rag in hurried race
 Thy meal to gulp;
 'Twill lie like pulp
'Pon thy digestion and thy heart
That thou hast not fulfilled thy part
 And left me clean.
 All year I've been
Thy ally true in all thou'st done,
I've shielded thee more times than one;
Full oft I've borne thy heavy weight,
On other woes I'll not dilate,
 Nor longer sigh,
 But wipe my eye
And crave from thee this only boon
That ere thou leav'st on Friday noon,
My ink washed off, my charms enhanced,
Thou'lt scour me o'er the best thou canst.



THE SCOTT BLOCK FIRE.

Several of us who were attending the dentist last term, had a very exciting experience. Dr. Curry's office was on the fourth floor of the Scott Block, and we were doing our homework while waiting for Dr. Curry. When somebody called out "Fire! Fire!" we jumped up from our seats, leaving our coats, hats and books behind, and rushed down the stairs. The smoke was already rising up from them. We arrived safely at the bottom and ran out at the door. Everybody was running to and fro, carrying out their ledgers and account books. We watched the fire from the outside.

The dentist got all his patients safely out before he thought of himself. Dr. Moffatt, the assistant dentist, went back to get some books, but by this time the stairs were a sheet of fire and his office was full of smoke. The dentist rushed to the window, but the wires prevented the firemen from getting the ladders to them. Dr. Moffatt, seeing no other way of escape, jumped into a life net and was picked up unconscious. Dr. Curry hung from the window sill with the fire bursting out of his office window. He hung there till the firemen, with much difficulty, rescued him by means of the ladder. His hair was singed and his hands burned.

The fire by this time was far beyond control. The firemen worked very hard at it for some hours, and at last it was extinguished, but not before the block had been practically destroyed.

DOLLY PEATT, Form IV.

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A FASHIONABLE LADY IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ANNE.

May 31st. It was a horrible rainy day to-day. The thunder awoke me at a prodigious early hour; imagine being awake at nine o'clock in the morning! Could not go to sleep again, so I had my breakfast then instead of at 10.30. I stayed in bed till nearly noon, drinking chocolate. It was not very pleasant

lying awake in bed when I might have been asleep. My brother had better luck than I had and slept till the regular breakfast hour. At noon I got up and made my toilet. While I was dressing I read my Spectator for a while, and did a little embroidery—not that it will be any good, for I shall never finish it. I do think the fashion of dressing the hair so high is very becoming to me, and I must certainly buy some of the new patches in the shape of animals. I think they are most elegant. I put on my white satin with the cherry-coloured petticoat and ribbons and wore my new hood. It was then time to go to the ladies' coffee house, so I was taken there in my chair, and my brother went to his. I stayed there hoping that somebody would notice my new dress, but I was not fortunate. I am going to a big ball to-night, so I must leave at least three hours for dressing.

GRACE HINCH, Form IV.

OVERHEARD IN MY GARDEN.

When I was walking in my garden one day, I heard a great whispering and scolding among the flowers. I stopped to listen and this is what I heard. [I discovered when I had listened awhile that they were quarrelling as to who should be chosen to be Queen of the Flowers.]

"I will be Queen," said a bright red Tulip proudly, "for I am Queen of the Tulips, so of course I shall be Queen of the Flowers."

"As for that," said a tall, white Lily, "I am Queen of the Lilies, but I could not be Queen of the Flowers, for there are among my family many who are not perfect or unselfish."

"It doesn't matter what we think," said a pure white Pansy, softly. "But I think the Rose will be chosen, for is she not the flower of England?"

"Well, what of that?" cried another Lily. "We are the flowers of France, and we have as much right to be Queen of the Flowers as the Rose—proud thing!" ended the Lily, with a sniff.

"The Thistle is the emblem of Scotland!" snapped a Snapdragon, crossly, "so that has nothing to do with it."

At this all the other flowers began to quarrel so loudly that I left them. But as I was curious to know which was chosen for Queen (it being my private opinion that it would be the Rose), I went back next day and heard the flowers speaking of it. I could hear nothing at first, for they were all talking at once, but at last I managed to hear this:

"Just fancy!" said one, "the Pansy being Queen of the Flowers!"

"I'm sure I don't see why," said a second.

"Only a common Pansy!" said the red Tulip scornfully; "only a common Pansy!" she repeated.

A Maple that stood near (and sometimes gave his opinions to the flowers, who always listened respectfully because the Maple was so old and wise) now said: "Do you know the 'Common Pansy's' other name? It is Heartsease, and if you want to know why the 'Common Pansy' was chosen, think a minute. Who else spoke for another? Who else thought of the others' good points? Even the Rose of England did not think it possible for anybody but herself to be chosen Queen. But Heartsease loved everyone, and expected anybody but herself to be Queen; she said herself, that if she were judge, she would not know whom to choose because everyone was so good. Do you really wonder she was chosen?" finished the Maple.

This long and decidedly unexpected speech set the flowers thinking and made the modest Pansy blush.

"You are right," cried the Roses in chorus, after a minute.

"Yes! Yes!" cried the rest, and the Pansy blushed harder than before and turned almost pink.

I saw that not only had I missed part of the first argument, but that I had also made a mistake in thinking that the Rose should be chosen for Queen. Not liking to be taught morals by a Maple, I went into the house, feeling as if I had just heard a sermon on unselfishness and love.

After all, I think perhaps I had.

MURIEL ANDREWS, Form IV.

JINGLES FROM THE JUNGLES AND ELSEWHERE.

The camel o'er the desert goes,
Little he cares where the water flows;
He is stupid and stubborn and not very nice,
But how can he help it? His back is up twice.

R. P.

A Rhinoceros stood on the bank of a stream,
And a horrible thing was he!
With a horn on his nose and a very thin tail,
And eyes you could hardly see!

R. P.

What a funny long-necked thing you are,
Nearly as tall as the trees;
With many spots like blotches of tar,
Munching green leaves in the breeze.

D. S.

The Tiger has stripes on his back,
And I think they are usually black.

He looks like a cat,
But what a large rat,

He would have to find for a snack.

M. A.

Form Upper III.

THE CAPTAIN'S CANARY.

It is a well-known fact that seamen are very superstitious and often have pets and mascots on their boats. The captain of a boat I once crossed on told me the story of his pet canary, named Dick.

Every time the captain crossed the ocean he took the canary with him. The poor little canary was blind in one eye and the captain told me he always felt very guiltily about it because it was he who was responsible for its blindness.

The canary was very tame and the captain used to play with it. He would throw the canary away from him and it would fly back to him. Once the canary lost its balance and struck the wall and that was what blinded it.

It was very cold when the captain was in Halifax the last time, and he left the electric heater on in his room, so that Dick would not be cold, and went down to dinner.

Dick evidently was cold for he went down to the heater to warm himself. Somehow or other he got tangled up in the wires and could not get out. When the captain came up from dinner, he was dead.

The captain took poor Dick home with him and buried him in his garden.

His tombstone reads:

"Here lies poor Dick Deadeye."

MARGERY ANDREWS,
Upper III.

THE STORY OF MY LITTLE KITTENS.

I have eight little kittens. When I first saw them their eyes were not open. They were born on St. Patrick's Day. One of the kitten's eyes are both open and the rest have one eye open. One day they disappeared. The mother cat had taken them one by one behind the sewing trunk, and when my mother came she heard a squeaky voice. She looked behind the sewing trunk and there she saw them. One kitten is named Pat, one Patricia; I will tell you their names later. The mother cat is not cross. They have both their eyes open now and they are blue. And now I will tell you the rest of their names. They are Peter, Pettsy, Paddy, Patsy, Patrick and Mike. The mother cat is very proud of her kittens and she likes people to look at them. When you put them in the basket, she carries them in the box again. They are all given away except two.

IRENE WILSON,
Lower III.

THE UNION JACK.

The Union Jack stands for something more than the Union of England, Ireland and Scotland—it means the Union of Great Britain with all its overseas Dominions.

The red diagonal arms of the flag have a narrow white band on one side of them and a broad one on the other. The broad one should be to the top of the flag on the side nearest to the flag pole, that is the “hoist” of the flag, and towards the bottom of the flag in the loose end or as it is called the “fly.”

Everybody ought to know how to fly the Union Jack. Yet there are a great many people who do not know which is the right way up of the flag.

ALAN MOZLEY,
Lower III.

SQUIRRELS.

We have 15 oak trees in our yard and the squirrels like the acorns. There is one fat one that comes every year. I call him Reddy. We can hear the squirrels on the roof in the morning. The squirrels store acorns for the winter. After we were through with our Christmas tree, we put bread on the branches and put the tree in the yard for the birds and squirrels, and they ate the bread all up.

ELIZABETH McQUEEN,
Form II.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

Once there was a little girl whose name was Margery. She lived in a lovely palace of marble and gold. One day she dreamt she was playing in the garden when she heard a little voice call, “Margery.” She looked about, but could see no one. Again she heard it. She looked up in a tree and there she saw a little fairy sitting. She was dressed in a beautiful silver dress with a lovely wand of silver, and it had a star at the end. She called Margery and told her that she was the Fairy Queen. She had come from fairyland to fetch her away because, she said, she had had every other little girl except her, so it was her turn. Margery went and had a lovely time in fairyland. Suddenly the Fairy Queen vanished and Margery found herself in her own little bed, with everyone trying to waken her up because she had slept so long.

KATHLEEN CORBETT,
Form II.

SUMMER.

Summer will soon be here. I will be very glad when it comes. I like to see the pretty flowers come out and the nice green grass come up. And then I go for a nice long walk with my Father and Mother in the parks.

HILDA WATSON,
Form I.

MY DOLLY.

I have a big dolly whose name is Audrey. She has long brown hair. I braid it every night and comb it out each morning and get her ready for the day. And when I return from College I take her out for a walk and she goes to sleep in her carriage. She never cries.

VELVA PAPINEAU,
Form I.

THE DREAMER.

I wonder why
So cross to me the teacher seems,
Whene'er I let the hours slip by
In dreams.

This unseen world
From sums and French me onward lures,
I see the Moslems backward hurl'd
At Tours.

To win their goal
I watch th' heroic, toiling forms,
Of child Crusaders onward roll
Through storms.

I hear ashamed
The Furies of the Guillotine
Cackle their joy that Death has claimed
Their Queen.

My wand'ring wits
Next view him, over Europe sit;
Whose victory at Austerlitz
Killed Pitt.

I fear of late
I've done nought well: with thoughts aloof
I've won but blame, and yet I hate
Reproof!

Missionary News

The annual Bazaar which we hold in June in aid of Madeline Etenaishi, of the Hay River Mission, was so successful last year that we were able to double our contribution. This good result was largely due to the kindness of the friends who helped us, and we thank them very much.

When Bishop Stringer was passing through Winnipeg on his way to England in October, he was kind enough to find time to take Prayers for us one morning, and to tell us about his work in the Yukon District. He had seen Madeline too, and gave us a very good report of her Scripture paper.

After his visit, we began to think of our Christmas presents for the Hay River Mission. We could only send small gifts because of the difficulties of postage, but we found that handkerchiefs, neckties, hair ribbons and collars would easily go into envelopes with a letter. We have had most grateful letters from our little friends in reply, and some of them even enclosed bead work serviette rings of their own making. Below is a letter that Miriam Rowley received from one of the boys at the Mission: Dear Miriam,—

Many thanks for sending me a letter, and necktie and a handkerchief by last mail, they reached me in the New Year. I am not so little as you think I am, because you called me little friend in the letter. I am five feet four inches high and weigh 117 pounds. Yes, our winter began long ago, we skated in October when you were writing; I can skate well now.

There are seventeen boys in the school, five little boys, five middle-sized boys and seven big boys. We play shinny or hockey in the winter. I am going to draw you a picture of boys playing hockey, though I'm a poor artist.

In the summer we go bathing. Can you swim? The girls here don't go bathing. Last summer I learnt to swim; now I can swim more than three hundred yards.

We play football and other games in the summer. We boys build toy boats; last summer I built a boat and called it "Fire-Fly." I hope to make a schooner and I am going to call it "Miriam."

Do you like to see Boy Scouts marching? I have never seen a Boy Scout yet, but I have read a book all about them. I would like to become one of them, but I haven't got the uniform. I can camp out, both in winter and summer; I have shot ducks, rabbits, ptarmigan and ground hogs.

We have three cattle, a calf and a horse, the horse's name is Slim. I have rode him many times. I work at the stable

this month. The cattle's names are Bill, Jerry, Star, and Dolly the calf.

We have dogs here to pull the sleighs to the nets on the lake, and we look at the nets often and get lots of fish.

Do you love reading books? I do! I love to read books of adventure, such as True Blue, The Coral Island, The Young Fur Traders and Peter the Whaler. I have three books of my own and have read them. I hope you will receive this letter and will answer it as soon as you. With best wishes to you. Good-bye.

I remain, your sincere friend,

ANDREW CAMPBELL.

Before Christmas the Rev. and Mrs. Cavalier, home on furlough from their missionary work in India, stayed in Havergal for a week. Mrs. Cavalier talked to us at Prayers one day about the girls and women of India, and we learnt a good deal about India at other times during their stay with us.

In February we were fortunate in having an address from another Missionary working in India, Dr. Archer. By his stories of the good that doctors can do for the people of India, and of the love and gratitude that the patients feel towards them, he made us feel that Medical Missionaries can do more than any others, perhaps, to spread Christianity.

Here at Havergal we are helping to support a little girl in India through the Zenana Mission Guild. This Guild holds its meetings in the Library at 7.30 every Monday evening, and can again report a good year's work. Before Christmas we were hard at work making things for the December Bazaar, which was a great success; we also dressed dolls to send to India. At present we are planning and preparing for a Tea in the near future, which we hope will be as successful as the Bazaar.

Most of the boarders belong to the Guild, but we should like to see them all join, and our numbers increased from the Day School too. The fee is only 25c a term, the meetings, which are arranged by Miss McDonald, are very enjoyable, and through the Guild we are doing something to help forward the cause of Missions.

From her dentist's out rushed Dolly Peatt,
Driven forth by the fire's awful heat;
Post haste to the store,
Home-work books to buy more.
For diligence can you this beat?

School Entertainments

THE MASQUERADE.

On the last day of October, 1913, at 8 o'clock in the evening, all the mistresses and girls came down for the fun and dances of the Masquerade, which was to take place in the Assembly Hall. They gathered in the darkened room in many different costumes. There were ladies of the eighteenth century mingling with Red Indians, and sailor girls and boys; there were clowns, Eastern beauties and Quaker girls. The Three Musketeers were to be seen chatting with milkmaids and shepherdesses, and for once a pirate and a judge met for friendly conversation. The whole scene was a medley of different characters, colours and costumes, and many of the wearers, who had manufactured their own dresses, were highly complimented.

Miss Jones, as Di Vernon, with Cecily Mortlock in a fearsome mask, for partner, headed the Grand March. We paraded round the house, up the back stairs, round dark corners, through the studio, guided only by one candle, for all the other lights were turned out. After the march was over we returned to the Assembly Hall, where dancing began, led off by Miss Jones.

While we were dancing, the staff adjudged the prizes, and after we had had supper Miss Jones announced the results. The Staff Prize was awarded to Miss Stephenson, who looked very charming in a Harem costume; Thelma Duncan, attired as a shepherdess, won the prize for the prettiest costume; and Alice McBride, who was unrecognisable as a Zulu Chief, received the prize for the funniest costume.

After singing Auld Lang Syne and God Save the King, and thanking Miss Jones for the very pleasant evening we had spent, we retired to bed to dream of witches and pumpkins!

A. McBRIDE.

FORM I. XMAS PARTY.

One day just before Xmas we thought we would give a party and each ask a friend. It took us a long time to write the invitations, but at last the notes to Miss Wakely, Form II., and other friends were sent off; and then how pleased we were to get their answers. At last the day came. We met our guests in the Assembly Hall, and when all were here we took them to the Library to have tea. The little tables looked so pretty decorated with Xmas favours and crackers, and dainty Xmas place cards showed us where to sit, each by the friend we had invited. The nice sandwiches, cake, fruit, biscuits and candy soon were gone, and then off we went to the Hall to play games.

“Fair Rosie,” “London Bridge is Falling Down,” “Hunt the Slipper” and many other games, of which “The Muffin Man” was the favourite, were played till it began to grow dark. Miss Holditch and Miss Wakely then lit the candles on the Xmas tree, which did look so pretty in the dark room. We danced round it till the candles began to get low and then to our great surprise found that there were gifts for each of us on it, as well as the handkerchief cases we had made for our Mothers. We were pleased. Such a pulling of crackers and such excitement and noise, and then “Good-bye and thank you,” and our long looked-for party was over.

KINDERGARTEN.

On Thursday, December 18th, we were invited by the Kindergarten to be present at the annual Christmas party, held in the Assembly Hall. Children’s entertainments are usually very attractive, and this one was no exception to the rule.

A giant Christmas tree, prettily decorated and laden with enticing parcels, reigned supreme in the middle of the platform. But before the lighting up of the tree we were to see many interesting games and to enjoy some songs from the children. The flag drill was very pretty and was well done, and we all, including the performers, enjoyed it and also the musical games which followed. Songs, which were clearly sung, succeeded the games, and after that came the giving away of the presents from the tree. The children had each made two useful pretty gifts for their parents, and these they were allowed to distribute themselves. They each, in their turn, received Christmas crackers and candy.

Miss Gulston is to be heartily congratulated on the success of the afternoon.

G. M. S.

FORM PARTIES.

Form Parties loom large on the horizon as soon as we are back from the Christmas holidays, and they certainly form one of the chief interests and excitements of the Spring term. If the opinions of guests who are leaving a party are of any value, each one this year appeared to be the nicest that ever was. A great deal of ingenuity and originality was displayed by all the Forms; and the entertainments were very diverse in character; but all were alike in that the members of the Form, and their mistresses, spared no time and trouble to make the evening as enjoyable as possible for their guests.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the parents who so generously provide their daugh-

ters with sandwiches and most beautiful cakes for these annual Form celebrations.

Form IV. had the pleasure of opening the "Party Season" on February 6th, and, to prevent expectations from running too high, called it a "Plain Party," carrying out the idea in the poster, the programmes and the entertainment. First there were competitions; curious mixtures had to be tasted and the ingredients guessed; there were jars whose contents had to be discovered by smell; pictures from Nursery Rhymes and Fairy Tales required titles, and finally, a row of "Hidden Beauties," sitting under sheets, with paper bags on their heads, had to be identified by their eyes. After the competitions every one joined in games and played Blind Man's Buff and Musical Arms with evident pleasure. Refreshments were served, prizes for the competitions given, and after a few dances the party ended with "Auld Lang Syne."

Form Upper III. chose the Eve of St. Valentine's Day for its party night, and made very clever use of the associations of the day. It has been celebrated in rhyme by a member of the Form itself:—

The Upper Third Form gave a party,
It was on St. Valentine's Eve;
The guests had all a welcome most hearty,
For they everywhere hearts could perceive.

The various games were exciting,
"Musical Hearts" was gay;
Some found shooting inviting,
While others "Old Maid" did play.

Refreshments next came on the program,
Of them we did gladly partake,
A sandwich, jam, lettuce or plain ham,
With ginger ale, candy or cake.

After the prizes were given,
All the good-byes were said,
The day girls homeward were driven,
While boarders went sadly to bed.

MARY McQUEEN.

A most enjoyable evening was spent on February 27th, when the Lower Fifth Form entertained us at a "Pink Party." The decorations were prettily carried out in pink, and the hostesses wore pink ribbons and pink roses. The evening was opened with "Musical Arms"; then followed a "Ball and Spoon" race in which Tina Lyall was the victor, though hard pressed by Miss Gulston. Then came a mirth-provoking game called "Pretty

Pussy." Among the wails of these human cats, that of Miss Chambers was most touching. After this we were asked to guess the hidden names of famous men and women of the British Empire; Krafchenko seemed the best known! In this game Margaret Banfield carried off the prize. Dancing followed excellent refreshments and concluded a most entertaining evening.

The Shell Form on March 13th introduced a new kind of party—a "Bloomer Party." The reason for the costume was quite plain from the moment the party began, and the guests found themselves undergoing a blindfold-obstacle-chariot race. An arithmetic race proved trying to the Staff, but their persistence aroused admiration, and it was afterwards discovered that the numbers had been mixed! The three-legged race which followed was a much simpler matter, but the wheel-barrow race required some courage. After this welcome refreshments were served, and then began a very jolly game of hide-and-seek, all over the house, in the dark. The breathless guests were then glad to sit down to a musical story competition, and when that was over it was time to go home.

On March 20th the Lower III. had its party, and Sara McBean has described it for us:—

Once we had a form party. We played steeplechase and ping-pong. We played that for a long time, and then we had refreshments. We had cakes and sandwiches and other nice things. Then we had country dances, and after that we went home.

And all the guests had enjoyed themselves very much!

On March 31st Forms I. and II. gave us great pleasure by bringing back to life our old friends from the Nursery Rhymes in their play, "Princess Tiny Tot." Elizabeth McQueen was Princess Tiny Tot, and Muriel Curry her fairy godmother. It was her seventh birthday, and her godmother offered to give Tiny Tot anything she asked for. Major Domo, whose business it was to make up the Princess's mind, asked that the folks in the book of Nursery Rhymes, an aunt had given her, might be brought there "all alive." This Mother Red Cap did, and the result was that the Princess received a visit from Four and twenty Blackbirds, Little Boy Blue, Little Jack Horner, Little Bo-Peep, Humpty Dumpty, Little Maid Pretty Maid, Red Riding Hood, Little Miss Muffett and many others. The Princess entertained her little visitors with dances and games till Mother Red Cap's broom arrived, and she was compelled to hustle her little people away to Fairyland.

On April 3rd, the Upper V. Form presented their most amusing "High Class Variety Entertainment," under the very able management of Miss Springate. Three Phenomenal Brothers—a strong man (H. Hadley), a ventriloquist (T. Lyall), and a conjuror (J. Bell) opened the entertainment with a convincing

display of their powers. Then we were delighted with the gambols of "Flossie—the Elusive Elephant," and marvelled at her wonderful intelligence.

Two sketches from Dickens followed: "Mrs. Nickleby discovers an Admirer" (Mrs. Nickleby, A. Woodman; Kate, L. Agnew; Mad Gentleman, J. Anderson; Keeper, R. Watson), and "The Falling Out of Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig" (Sairey, E. Todd; Betsy, M. Watson). Both were well acted, and afforded the audience much enjoyment. But the "turn" which brought down the house was the performance of "Johnny Schmoker," by Herr Ludwig's Meyerstein's trained German Band. This very original programme concluded with a graceful gavotte danced by Mlles. Lyall and Snowden and M. M. Bell and Sweeny. When refreshments had been served a few dances followed, and so ended a most enjoyable evening.

THE GYMNASTIC DISPLAY.

On the evening of March 3rd many guests assembled in the Hall to see the annual Gymnastic Display. As the last visitors



CUP WINNERS

took their places Miss Norrington's whistle was heard and the long line of girls, headed by little Beatrice Boyd, and carefully arranged in order of height, filed into the Hall.

The Grand March was accomplished in perfect style and

was followed by action songs and games by the youngest children. After a more advanced display of mass drilling by the older girls, much interest was aroused over some games and races. A "Bean Bag Race" created wild excitement among both performers and spectators, as also did a "Clothes Peg Race" and the game of "Changing Fours." Nellie Snowden, Rosalie Britain and others showed their ability in climbing ropes, and in the high jump Marian Sweeny cleared the height of four feet. An exhibition of fencing was given by Kathlyn Hinton and Florence Carey, and solo dances were done by June Suckling and Nellie Snowden.

But perhaps the prettiest feature of the evening was a series of Morris Dances and Folk Dances given by some of the girls in the quaint Old English costumes. I think every one present must have regretted the disappearance of these old-fashioned dances when they saw the charms of Strawberry Fair and Country Gardens.

Before the dancing was over Alix McBride presented Miss Norrington with a beautiful bouquet of roses and this gave the audience an opportunity of expressing their great appreciation of the admirable training which had produced such excellent results.

THE TRAGEDY.

"Who spilled the ink?"

"I," said the student,
Though not at all prudent,
"I spilled the ink."

"Who'll clean the mess?"

"I," said the drudge,
"Though the time I begrudge,
I'll clean the mess."

"Who'll hush it up?"

From the President, "I"
Came the instant reply,
"I'll hush it up."

So the girls as a whole,
The poor student have saved,
But we hope that in future
She'll be better behaved.

J. B., Upper V.



The results of the Royal Drawing Society's examinations arrived in October of last year, and showed a very fair standard of work had been reached. No drawings have been sent up to the exhibition in London as the art work has been carried out on rather different lines. We are hoping that now that the warm weather is returning we shall be able to have a sketching class in the woods and parks around Winnipeg, and soon we are hoping to do more ambitious things with the design work in the school.

One proof of the gradual increase and appreciation of Art in this city is the fact that the collections of pictures which from time to time are brought to the Industrial Bureau meet with more and more success and popularity. The last set of pictures were most interesting and I think several have been procured as the nucleus of a permanent collection in the city.

The School too has been enriched by the addition of several pictures. Lady Jane Lindsay presented the school with eight reproductions of her own beautiful illustrations to John Inglesant. These have been framed and now form a valuable part of the school collection. Some of these pictures are etchings, others are wash drawings, and all are most valuable from both the artistic and the historical points of view.

There once was an elephant Flossy,
 Whose airs were exceedingly saucy,
 Teenie and Jean
 Were the inner machine,
 Of this wonderful elephant Flossy.

L. A.

An egg is a thing to despise,
 Keep away from the spot where it lies,
 Matric. II. had one,
 And the school has begun
 To know how to find eggs without eyes.

C. L.



BASKET-BALL.

Basket-ball has been very much alive this winter and several good teams have been formed. On the whole, a marked advance is shown in combination, the teams playing with the head much more than formerly, but even yet the science of the game needs to be practised. For example, in the senior team a criss-cross formation for passing proved very effective in several games, but when the opponents had solved the difficulties of this it was not changed for a more complicated system, and through this lack, in the later matches, proved almost valueless. In baseball, the pitcher varies his every ball, as does the bowler at cricket, and several times during a match the tactics of a team should be changed as soon as the guards circumvent them. A very bad habit of leaving one's opponent and rushing up to the basket on the off chance of getting the ball if the thrower missed, was apparent on one or two occasions, and cannot be too thoroughly condemned; it is playing entirely into one's opponents' hands by giving her a clear shot at the basket.

Finally, it is a good team that can rally when the goals begin to mount up against it, and the only way to do this is to keep a little reserve force for the second half, and also not to charge oneself with the responsibility of the whole game, and to embark on a frantic attempt to do everybody else's work save one's own. In such a case, when a team needs to rally to win the match, let each girl redouble her energies in her own particular part of the game, and above all guard your own especial girl like a lynx, so as to limit the opponents' score even if your own side does not score again. This defensive part of the game is often omitted and too much importance cannot be given to it. The Boarders are champions for 1914.

Matches.

On June 4th, 1913, **Past v. Present**, 13-12. This was a very enjoyable game and we were delighted to do battle against the "Old Girls" led by Audrey Fisher. At half time it looked as though the Present were to be winners as the score was 10-5

in their favour. However, during the second half the "Past" succeeded in breaking down the defence, and the game ended in a win for the "Past" by 13 goals to 12. The line-up was as follows:—

Present.		Past.
Marian Sweeny	Forwards	Marjorie Martin
Jean Bell		Natalie Hartshorn
Elsie Scrimes	Centres	Irene Cavanagh
Mary Watson		Dorothy Martin
Antoinette Sapte		Beattie Machaffie
Valerie de Bury	Guards	Elsie Patton
Thelma Duncan		Audrey Fisher

June 10th, **Past v. Present**, 16-12.

September 23rd, **Present v. Past**, 12-7. Evidently refreshed by the long vacation the "Present" team beat the "Past" by a good margin. Line up:—



Present.		Past.
Marian Sweeny	Forwards	Beatrice Baker
Jean Bell		Irene Cavanagh
Mary Watson	Centres	Doris Baker
Josephine Anderson		Emma Tupper
Margaret O'Kelly		Betty Machaffie
Laura Agnew	Guards	Marjorie Martin
Thelma Duncan		Audrey Fisher

Oct. 7th, **Past v. Present**, 40-8. This game was what might justly be termed a "walk-over" on the part of the "Past." It is true that a substitute was playing instead of Thelma Duncan,

but good player as she is, I doubt if even her presence would have stayed the victorious onrush of the "Past." Afterwards the two teams united amicably over tea and cake and discussed the victory.

Oct. 10th, **Past v. Present**, 18-10.

Oct. 21st, **Present v. Intermediates**, 27-3. Encouraged by the victories of the "Old Girls," Florence Carey brought over a team of more recent Havergalians. Though these girls played a very plucky game, yet they were defeated by superior combination of the Present Havergal team. Line up: —

Present.		Intermediates.
Marian Sweeny	Forwards	Florence Carey
Jean Bell		Kathlyn Hinton
Mary Watson	Centres	Marian Bell
Christina Lyall		Irma Martin
Thelma Duncan	Guards	Grace McGaw
Laura Agnew		Norma Boynton

Oct. 24th. As the Day Girls' team was so much stronger than the Boarders' contingent, owing in a great measure to their having greater numbers from which to choose, it was decided to divide all players into two teams called "A" and "B," and captained by Marian Sweeny and Thelma Duncan respectively. The first match ended in a victory for the "A" team by 18 goals to 9.

Nov. 4, **"A" Team v. "B" Team**, 16-7.

INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKET-BALL.

We were very glad to join this league and thoroughly enjoyed the games. Havergal was represented by the following team, who very ably kept our flag flying. We must commend these girls for their good combination and loyal play in several matches besides those that they won, and no doubt the experience of playing teams heavier than themselves will be valuable to them in playing the same league next year. Havergal Senior Team:—

Thelma Duncan (captain)	Guards	Laura Agnew
Mary Watson	Centres	Josephine Anderson
Jean Bell	Forwards	Marian Sweeny
Mildred Thompson	Substitutes	Nellie Snowden

Jan. 26th, 1914, **Havergal v. Kelvin**, 11-1.

Feb. 2nd, **Havergal v. St. John's College**, 29-4.

Marian Sweeny and Jean Bell gave us some spectacular throwing in, while the other girls all worked well in their respective places.

Feb. 5th, **Havergal v. St. John's College**, 31-9. This match was played away, but when our girls got used to the hall they began to enjoy themselves.

Feb. 9th, **United Colleges v. Havergal**, 36-7. Our first defeat and a very thorough one. Our girls never got over the awkward local conditions of the hall, and did not play with either spirit or confidence.

Feb. 12th, **Kelvin v. Havergal**, 16-14. Although a defeat, this game was so well contested that it proved a most enjoyable one, the winning goal was shot just on the whistle for time.

Feb. 16th, **St. John's Technical v. Havergal**, lost.

Feb. 23rd, **St. John's Technical v. Havergal**, lost.

Feb. 26th, **United Colleges v. Havergal**, 15-14. This was the most exciting match of the series, and the Havergal team, though defeated by the narrow margin of one goal, played very well indeed, keeping up a strong defence and a persistent attack till the whistle blew, and that against a much heavier team.

We had the pleasure of entertaining our visitors after the match, and discussed the match over a friendly cup of tea, and commiserated over the wounded.

“For things like this you know must be
After a famous victory.”

DAY GIRLS v. BOARDERS.

Three matches were played between these teams and it was agreed that the losers provide an evening entertainment for the winners. The matches were won as follows:—

Tuesday, March 17th, **Day Girls v. Boarders**, 12-6.

Friday, March 20th, **Boarders v. Day Girls**, 4-3.

Friday, March 27th, **Boarders v. Day Girls**, 16-9.

Bravo Boarders! Dorothy McDougall performed prodigious feats of “throking in,” ably assisted by Jessie Wilson. Helen Lethbridge and Nellie Snowden defended well.

BOARDERS' BASKET-BALL.

The Boarders formed themselves into the following teams and spent the morning walk time in several energetic games:—

Kewpies.

Nellie Snowden (capt.)
Mildred Jefferys
Helen Lethbridge
Vera Underwood
Jennie White
Rita Hamilton

Bears.

Edna Leckie (capt.)
Marjorie Fraser
Embree McBride
Nora Bates
Annie Yonge
Priscilla McBride

Cubs.
Dorothy McDougall (capt.)
Margaret O'Kelly
Gertrude Bowman
Betty Fraser
Jolly Fraser
Cecily Mortlock

Stars.
Thelma Duncan (capt.)
Gladys Mutch
June Suckling
Jessie Wilson
Frances Wilson
Mamie Smith

The games were won as follows:—

	Played	Won	Lost
Kewpies	9	7	2
Bears	6	3	3
Cubs	7	3	4
Stars	8	2	6



FOUR CAPTAINS

THE BOARDERS' TEAMS

The heroine of this group is
The Captain of the KEWPIES,
That stalwart and victorious litle band;
To their leader's voice attending,
And on her advice depending,
They carried out the victories she planned.

And in this strife for glory,
Which was grim and sometimes gory,
And all the teams were struggling for first place;
Under their Captain Teddy,
The BEARS were good and steady,
And justly came out second in the race.

Not very far behind them,
 Though the third place is assigned them,
 Came the CUBS, who proved themselves a worthy foe,
 They had feared from the beginning,
 There was little chance of winning,
 But they played up, and they made a gallant show.

But I must end my ditty,
 Upon a note of pity,
 For the STARS who fell in such a sorry plight;
 Were their aims too high and mighty?
 Or their minds too gay and flighty?
 They shine still, but with sadly 'minished light.
 "PENCIL."

INTER-FORM BASKET-BALL.

Friday,	April 24	Form IV. v. Upper III., 10-4. Shell v. Lower V., 12-3.
Tuesday,	April 28	Shell v. Lower V., 12-3. Upper V. v. Matriculation, 14-5.
Friday,	May 1	Form IV. v. Upper III., 9-3. Shell v. Lower V., 12-3.
Tuesday,	May 5	Upper V. v. Matriculation, 11-4. Form IV. v. Upper III., 18-2. c
Friday,	May 8	Shell v. Form IV., 20-5. Upper V. v. Shell, 15-12.
Tuesday,	May 12	School Championship.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES

May 15th—Boarders v. Day Girls, 7-6.

May 19th—Day Girls v. Boarders, 12-11.

In this match Jane Suckling substituted for Mary Wilson, who dislocated her thumb.

May 26th—Boarders v. Day Girls, 14-6.

The Boarders played a splendid combination game, Dorothy McDougall and Jessie Wilson playing well together, while Helen Lethbridge and Thelma Duncan made formidable guards. The centre was upheld by Mamie Smith and Nellie Snowden. The Day Girls' team was unfortunate by short three players whose places were well taken by Christine Lyall, Ruth McMartin and Margaret Banfield.

Notes on the Form Teams.

Matriculation. Has developed several good players since taking a more active interest in the game.

Upper V. Has been the mainstay of school basket-ball all the year. Deservedly the champions. Bravo, Upper V.!

Lower V. A weak team, but one which has played its games very pluckily.

Shell. A very promising form that has developed several good players.

Form IV. As yet very unformed though several girls show considerable promise.

Upper III. These beginners have been very plucky, playing with enthusiasm and energy. They will find these games, though defeats, very useful next year.

Notes on the Senior Team.

Thelma Duncan, very loyal player, throws well and seldom wildly. Captains the team with judgment. Laura Agnew, a good guard. Mary Watson, style much improved; very energetic and "on-the-spot," the mainstay of the centre.

Josephine Anderson, a player rather new to the game, but seldom misses the ball and throws to good effect. Must guard against a tendency towards roughness. Jean Bell, very good shot and quick to think. Marian Sweeny, an untiring player, good shot, and keen throughout the game.

SNOWSHOEING AND SKATING.

Owing to the unpropitious weather neither sport has been indulged in to its usual extent. The rink was spasmodically appreciated by the boarders, who might have made more of their opportunities to skate.

On Jan. 31st, Mr. Roland Taylor very kindly entertained several of the boarders to a tobogganning party at the Canoe Club. After a very jolly afternoon they partook of a delicious tea within the Club, and departed, tendering a hearty vote of thanks to their kind host.

STAFF NEWS.

Good wishes to Miss Evans, whose marriage to Mr. Graeme Stewart, of New York, will take place this summer.

Mrs. Newton is now making an extended visit in Ireland. We are pleased to hear that her little daughter is a bonny baby.

We were delighted to see Mrs. McNiven in March, when

she spent a day here on her way to rejoin her husband at Moose Jaw.

Good wishes to Miss Jackson, who is shortly to be married to Mr. Watson Porter. She will reside in London, Ontario.

Miss Hildred is spending this summer, studying, in Germany.

Miss Morrison visited us last summer. She was married to Mr. Owen, of Victoria, on New Year's Day in Toronto, and is making her home in Victoria.

We are sorry to lose Miss Norrington, who is leaving us in June to be married to Mr. Blackie, of Glasgow, Scotland. She takes with her our very best wishes for her happiness in the future. As she is making her home in Winnipeg we hope to see her often.

Miss Chisholm left us last June, to be married to Dr. Gillen. Her home is in Winnipeg and we often have the pleasure of seeing her.

We were delighted to have Miss Perry with us in June and September. We enjoy her pleasant letters. In one, she tells of a meeting of old Havergal staff at Mrs. McIntyre's, when Miss Morrison, Miss Church, Miss Carrier and herself were all present.

OLD GIRLS' COLUMN.

Best wishes to Ruby Henderson, who is engaged to Mr. Priestman, of Winnipeg.

Mollie Clarke passed through Winnipeg early in May, after an extended trip abroad.

Ainslee Dagg and Margaret Taylor, also Katie Martin, are taking a course of training at the General Hospital. Ruth Monk will enter in June.

Stella Boyd received warm congratulations on her most successful concert in February.

Pearl Pieper has spent the winter in town and has made frequent visits to the College for music lessons.

Maisie Longbottom spent a week in Winnipeg in May. She was a welcome visitor at the College.

Norma Stokes spent the winter in Europe.

Jessie Jardine spent the year visiting friends in Great Britain.

Best wishes to Mrs. E. H. Cox (nee Gladys Alsip), who was married in September.

Helen Grey is now at school in Wimbledon, London, England.

Edna Henderson passed thro' Winnipeg on her way to convocation. She reports that Adeline's health is much better.

We are very glad not quite to have lost sight of Flora Steele, Kathryn Hinton, Marion Bell and Florence Carey. They will always be welcome.

Edith Hartshorn is another of the old girls who is soon to be married.

Elsie Serimes is now at school at Whitby.

Marjorie Shaw has left school in Toronto and has gone to live in Le Pas.

Barbara Lemon has made her debut in Victoria.

Dorothy Andrews is leaving for home in September, after having studied music for two years in London.

Congratulations and good wishes to Kathleen Adams, Irene Tuckwell, Kathleen O'Grady, on their marriage during the year.

UPPER FIFTH ALPHABET.

A is for Amy, vice-president firm,

B is for Beatrice, a new girl this term,

Also for Bunny, our President tall,

C is our class room, the pride of us all,

D is for drill in which we excel,

E is for Evelyn, and Edith as well,

F is for Franceses, one tall and one short,

G is for Gertrude, who's a pretty good sort,

H is for Helen, who has a strong will,

I is for ink, which we frequently spill,

J is for Josephine, and also for Jean,

K is for Kathleen and Katherine so lean,

L is for lessons in which we delight,

We get few returns which shows we are bright,

M is for Marian, whose work is no neat,

Also for Marjory, who won't stay in her seat,

Also for Mary, who bad marks does get,

As well as for Marion, the quietest yet,

And for Margaret, who kept the band up to time,

N is for Nellie, a dancer sublime,

O is the order we keep with a will,

P is the Pots that with plants we do fill,

Q is for questions which all like to ask,

R is for Ruth, who ne'er shirks a hard task,

S is for stillness, so strange to us all,

T is for Teenie, and Thelma so tall.

And also for Teachers who really are nice,

Despite their insistence we keep quiet as mice,

U is the usefulness we all possess,

V's THEIR vexation when rules we transgress,

W's the good women we all hope to be,

X, unknown quantity, in us apathy,

Y is for youth which this rhyme must excuse,

Z is the end: so to you our adieus.

J. B. & C. L.

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 Bowman, Gertrude, 209 Walnut St., Winnipeg.
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 Fraser, Betty, Brandon, Man.
 Fraser, Jolly, Brandon, Man.
 Fraser, Marjorie, Brandon, Man.
 Hadley, Helen, Palace Hotel, Brandon.
 Hamilton, Rita, Norwood Hotel, Norwood, Man.
 Hayes, Iris, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.
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 Kensington, Gladys, Bredenbury, Sask.
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 McBride, Alix, Suite 7, Kensington Blk., Winnipeg.
 McBride, Embree, Suite 7, Kensington Blk., Winnipeg.
 McBride, Priscilla, Suite 7, Kensington Blk., Winnipeg.
 McDougall, Dorothy, Havergal College, Winnipeg.
 Mortlock, Cecily, Dominion City, Man.
 Mutch, Gladys, Crystal City, Man.
 O'Kelly, Margaret, Royal Alexandra, Winnipeg.
 Smith, Mamie, Souris, Man.
 Snowden, Nellie, Elm Park, Winnipeg.
 Underwood, Vera, Weyburn, Sask.
 White, Jenny, 190 Eugenie St., Norwood.
 Wilson, Frances, 545 Broadway, Winnipeg.
 Wilson, Irene, 802 Main St., Winnipeg.
 Wilson, Jessie, Binscarth, Man.
 Younge, Annie, Virden, Man.

DAY PUPILS—

Agnew, Bessie, 409 Wardlow Ave.
 Agnew, Janet, 409 Wardlow Ave.
 Agnew, Laura, 1117 Gerard St.
 Aikins, Marjorie, 88 Maryland St.
 Anderson, Josephine, 296 Yale Ave.
 Andrew, Clifford, 31 Carlton St.
 Andrews, Muriel, 95 Academy Road.
 Ardagh, Kathleen, 6 Ivan Ct., River Ave.
 Armtyage, Kathleen, 14 Ruskin Row.
 Banfield, Margaret, 387 River Ave.
 Barrow, Evelyn, 507 River Ave.
 Bartram, Olive, 379 Broadway.
 Rathgate, Mary, 34 Carlton St.
 Bell, Airdrie, 121 Carlton St.
 Bell, Jean, 288 Yale Ave.

Bennetto, Marjorie, Oakdale Place, St. James.
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 Billings, Nan, 597 Wardlow Ave.
 Binns, Margaret, 501 River Ave.
 Blackwood, Hermione, 266 Harvard Ave.
 Blowers, Ruth, 61 Dufferin Ave., Norwood.
 Boulton, Lillian, Assiniboine Ave., Kar-nack P.O., St. James.
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 Boyd, Valetta, 11 Edmonton St.
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 Brown, Dorothy, 18 Conway St.
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 Byers, Constance, 759 Jessie Ave.
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 Carruthers, Marjorie, 87 Roslyn Road.
 Chignell, Joan, Suite 20, Conway Ct., Kennedy St.
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 Clarke, Janet, 85 Kennedy St.
 Clearhue, Helen, 379 Assiniboine Ave.
 Code, Frances, 381 St. John's Ave.
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 Coulter, Phyllis, 72 Maryland St.
 Cox, Eleanor, 137 Yale Ave.
 Curry, Muriel, 38 Carlton St.
 Detchou, Gwen, 303 Spadina Ave.
 Douglas, Frances, 86 Smith St.
 Dowker, Ruth, 107 Gerard St.
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 Ferguson, Beryl, 99 Rue la Verandrye, St. Boniface.
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 Ferguson, Jean, 584 Broadway.
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 Gibson, Mabel, 102 Wilmot Place.
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 Hall, Margaret, 20 Balmoral Place.
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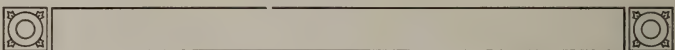


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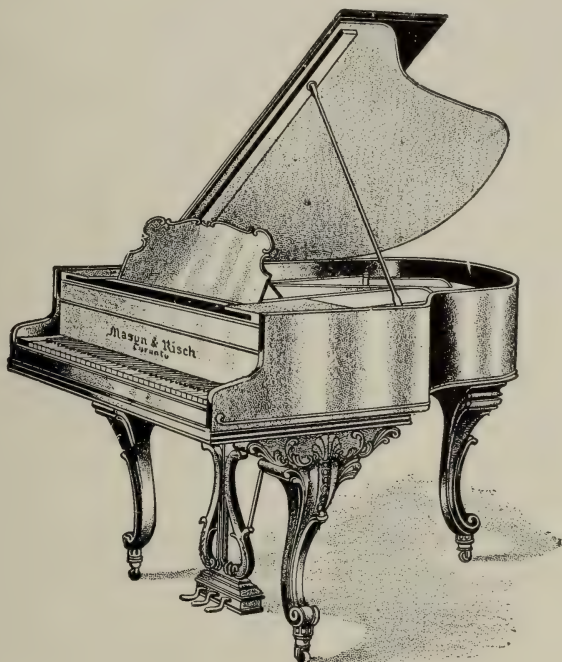


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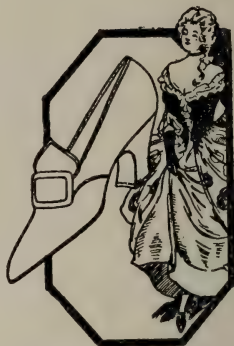
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'Tis the prettiest, daintiest, most piquant bit of footgear that ever Summer girl placed in her wardrobe. By far the most fashionable slipper of this season. Shown in our Fine Shoe Store in a myriad charming styles from noted American makers.

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Charming little Colonial slipper in white suede with self covered heels and buckles, **\$4.00.**



*The Ostend Pump
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Cut steel buckles from Paris—the most chic form of shoe decoration this Summer, 50c. to **\$6.50 the set.**

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is indispensable. Its delicate rose odor and its impalpable fineness make it always the choice of all discriminating persons.

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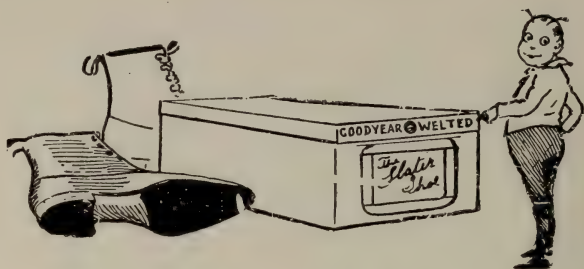
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ORDER PHONE—ST. JOHN 1452
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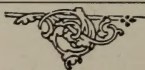
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